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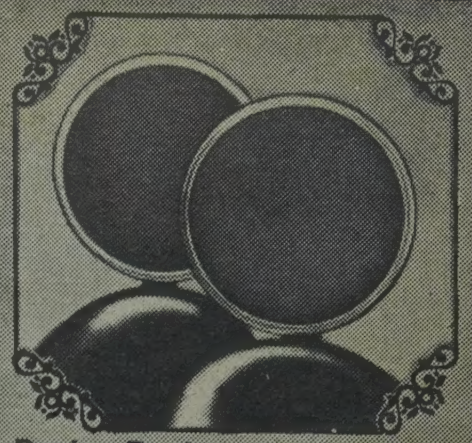

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INDU JAIN

Educated at Banares University. Recipient of two gold medals. Has made a major contribution to Hindi literature with her collection of poems, articles and short stories which have been translated into many languages. A television and radio script writer. Comperes the Republic Day Parade every year.

A professor at Indraprastha College, her writings belong to the modern genre.

See pg. 19 for profile, poems and short story.

Photograph : Avinash Pasricha

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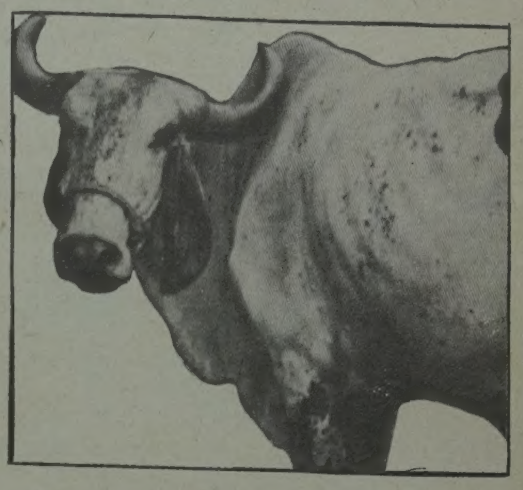
THIS WEEK

SAVING THE COW

Vinoba Bhave's somewhat short-lived fast has brought this controversial issue into prominence once again. Politicians talk of 'the sentiments of the people' as if there exists a homogenous view. An opinion poll.
Page 10.



AGRICULTURE AS A CAREER

Agricultural colleges offer professional training in a traditional field so that interested persons can think in terms of agriculture as a viable career.
Interviews with women in Bangalore's college of agriculture.
Page 14.

THE SLOW POISON

The level of pollution to which Bombayites are daily exposed is alarming by any standards. Though you wouldn't think so from the scant attention being paid by the authorities to the dangers.
Page 29.

OH TO BE RICH!

Who are the 10 richest women in the world? What are their financial assets? What sort of lifestyles do they lead?
Page 48.

ALSO

Donating Blood for Children : A way to help in the IYC efforts — **Page 13** Women in Focus : Sushma Seth, from stage to screen — **Page 17** Profile : Indu Jain, poet and writer — **Page 19** Life on a Kibbutz — **Page 23** Eve Today : P. K. Lakshmikutty — **Page 25** Cow Protection : The Lighter Side — **Page 41** Artist of the Month : Madhvi Parekh — **Page 45** Film Feature : The child stars of today — **Page 47** Paper Pattern Instructions — **Page 39.**

REGULAR FEATURES :

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Short Story/**20**, Beauty/**27**, Fashion/**30**, Cookery/**34**, Comics/**43**, Book Nook/**53**, Frankly Speaking/**55**, People and Events/**56**, Horoscope/**58**, Quiz 1/**58**.

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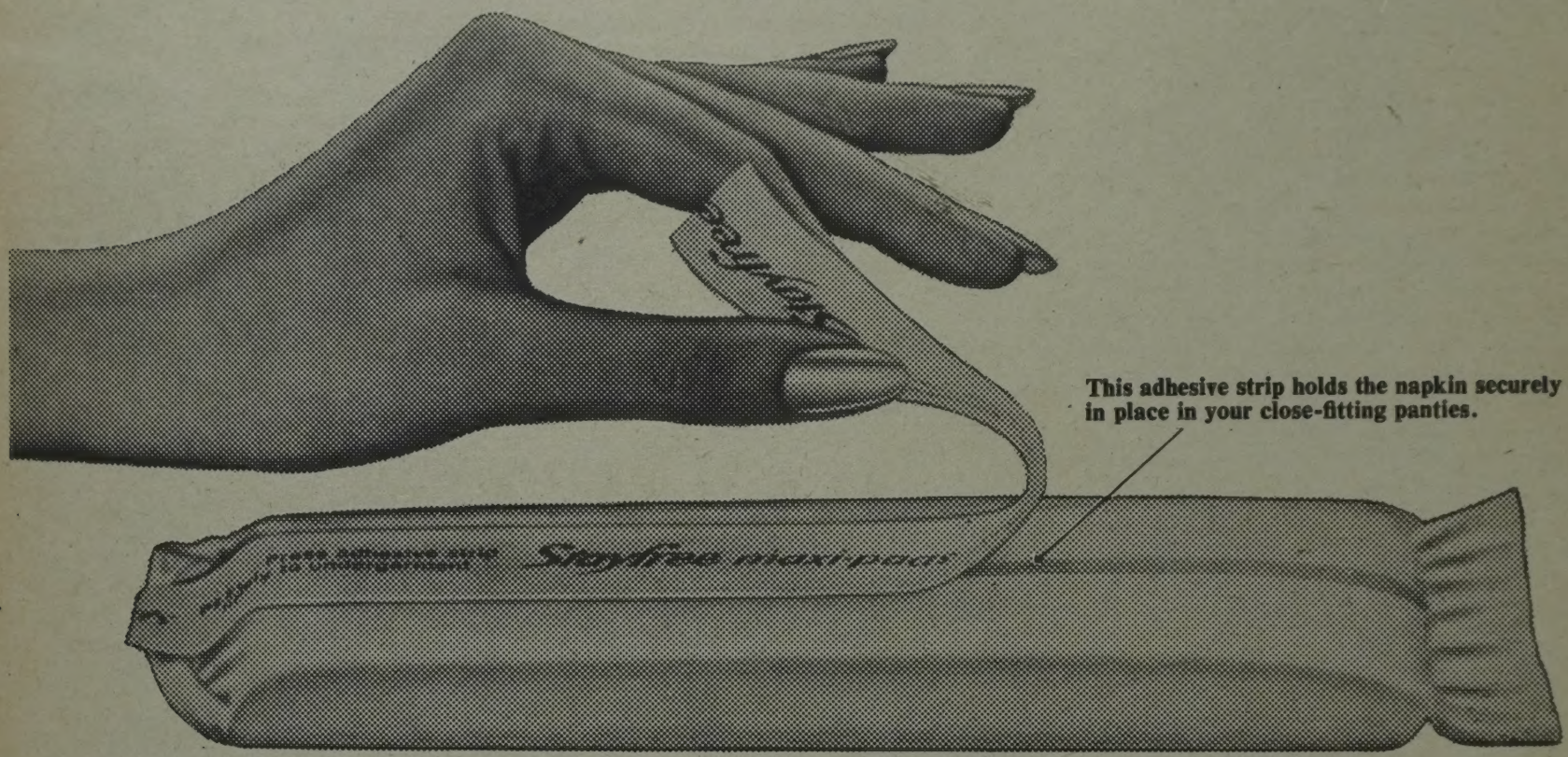

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

FATHERS IN LABOUR

What a beautiful relationship for a father to share the birth experience (by assisting the doctor) or by actually delivering his own baby under supervision! To go through a trying time together — the mother with her pains, the father assisting to relieve her of that pain — is a synthesis of deep trust on the mother's part, and care on the father's side; a proof of understanding and togetherness.

But it's all very well for the mod women, the women of the upper classes and the educated progressives, to talk of fathers delivering their wives' babies. How much thought have we given to the thousands of ignorant, lower- and middle-class sections of society, whose women refuse to be treated and examined by a male doctor even in serious illnesses? Does one imagine they would allow their husbands to see them in an 'exposed' situation? For these people sex with their husbands is a "thing in the dark" and bearing children is a yearly affair. Their husbands would be horrified to see their wives vulnerable and in a mess, and probably would develop an aversion afterwards.

As for the millions of mothers-in-law, one cannot imagine they would agree to their "innocent" sons participating in such a gory affair, when they are there to protect them!

KASHMIRA B. BARIA,
Bombay

While we agree with what you say about ignorant, uneducated women, we do wonder how many women of "the other kind" really want to share the birth-experience with their husbands. Scratch an ostensibly liberated woman, and she might turn out to be pretty old-fashioned and prudish. Not that we'd hold this against her in this case —after all, why should we expect all "progressive" women to give birth under the watchful eyes of their husbands?

2nd PRIZE

SHAMEFUL VANDALISM

Recently I happened to borrow a few books on literature from a library in the city and when I opened one to read the works of a particular author, to my shock I found just the introduction and nothing after that — all the pages, numbering about 20, were missing! They were shamelessly torn off by someone who had borrowed the book earlier. If the so-called educated people misuse the facilities provided by libraries, the very idea of 'education' is lost, because with education, one is supposed to distinguish 'right' from 'wrong'. India is planning a massive literary drive with the intention of providing 'adult education' but can we guarantee that with this, we can bring about a change towards better citizenship, imbibing the values of honesty and truthfulness?

N. MEERA RAGHAVENDRA RAO, Madras

We are neither shocked nor surprised at this typical, Indian, un-social, un-civic, dishonest behaviour. We have no respect for our elders, for teachers, for institutions, for old values — how, then, can be expect there to be respect for books?

3rd PRIZE

THE TEST

The compulsory virginity test conducted on an Indian school teacher at London's Heathrow airport by the British immigrant authorities, has not only been rightly condemned by the Asians but also by enlightened Britishers.

The Press has splashed it across their front pages, even to the extent of getting down to the sordid details of "what the doctor did". Ludicrous cartoons of tests being conducted on pregnant and old and decrepit women have sprung up, making a mockery of the whole affair. But of what avail? How much publicity have we given to the maltreatment of women in our own country? What has been done about those countless suicides and deaths of young brides due to physical and mental torture by their in-laws? They merely get confined to the inside pages of a newspaper to be dismissed and forgotten. One must remember that while pointing an accusing finger at others, three equally-accusing fingers are pointing back at us. Do we always have to pronounce judgement on the callous behaviour of foreigners while turning a blind eye to the atrocities committed on women in our own country?

ROHINI,
A.P.O.

This "virginity test" business has occasioned many high feelings and indignant protests. Yes, there is no doubt we do much worse to our women in our country, but that does not give the right to another nation to humiliate them. It's like the Bombay-wallah saying, "I know Bombay is a wretched place, but I'll kill anyone else who says so". . .

DON'T SPOIL THEM

Much is said today in favour of sparing the rod when a child goes wrong, and many opinions put forth in its favour. I personally feel that parents have to be kind, yet firm and reasonable, when dealing with their children and, when necessary, a rod must be used — mind you depending upon the age of the child, the nature of the problem, etc. Secondly, it is easier for a child to take a little bit of beating from the mother rather than the father. So that's fine — the father can spare the rod and the mother can use it, of course only as and when necessary.

This being the International Year of the Child, there is much to be done for children. A small but important part is that the parents themselves must not spoil them. Often the parents pamper their children beyond limits, fuss after them, take up for them when they are wrong, give them excessive freedom and last, but not the least, overdress them. This is where the children start lagging behind in their studies because they put their mind and soul into dressing up. Let's give them what's necessary — not too much and not too little, and surely we will have better men and women tomorrow.

I. D'SOUZA,
Bombay

Sure, we mustn't spoil them, and sure it's good to use the rod — judiciously. But why only the mother? Why make her the unpopular one? Let father, too, share the burden — the blame as well the glory.

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

HOPE AND ENCOURAGEMENT

Your article 'Living Without Arms', (March 31) about Kamla Devi, was very understanding and encouraging. I am very sure that after reading it people with such defects will get a lot of hope and strength. I really appreciate her helpful and patient husband. Every Saturday a man who has no legs sits in front of our building on a flat wooden plank with four wheels attached to it. When I see this man I always remember the story of Kamla Devi. I tell him what I have learned from this article. I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart.

VIMLA B. NAIR, Bombay

MOTHER TONGUE

The article entitled 'Hindi does not need an advocate' (March 31) was very interesting and thought-provoking. I fully agree with the view that because of English education a new class of people has sprung up who is ruling the roost of various key institutions of the country. No doubt English, being one of the richest languages of the world, has its own gravity in comparison with other international languages but for the sake of boosting oneself as an "elite" in modern society, the mother tongue should not be treated as a secondary language, which is a trend of today's youngsters. What Gandhiji said: "I must cling to my mother-tongue as to my mother's breast, in spite of its shortcomings. It alone can give me the life's milk" should be acceptable to everyone.

INDRANI GUPTA, New Delhi

THE LINGUA FRANCA

The writer of 'Hindi does not need an advocate' (March 31) obviously believes it does. No one will dispute the writer's axioms that 'the primary purpose of a language is to act as a means of communication' or that 'language is the repository of the culture, history and traditions of a people.' However, when she says that English cannot be the voice of **the masses** and declares that there should be a universal medium bringing **the masses** into the national mainstream, she seems to be making a facile assumption that the term 'masses' means Hindi-knowing people. What about the thousands in Karnataka, Andhra Pradesh, Kerala and Tamil Nadu who do not know Hindi and are not likely to get a chance to learn it? In what way will the acceptance of Hindi as the language of the Government of India draw the unlettered (and lettered) masses of this vast area of India into the national mainstream? For them their own language, the language that they speak, hear and understand is the repository of **their** culture and history. To them Hindi is almost as foreign as English. The writer seems to assume that if the country switches over to Hindi **the masses** will automatically be brought into the national mainstream. It sounds as if for the writer only the masses in the Hindi belt count as a factor to be reckoned with.

Those people in the South who did not get a chance to learn English are not likely to learn Hindi either, for you learn a language by using it, hearing it or by learning it at school. I belong to a generation that, in the 1930s, stirred by 'nationalistic' fervour, made an earnest attempt to learn Hindi but soon forgot what we learned through lack of opportunity to use it for day to day communication. The introduction of Hindi as the language of the government will force South Indians to compete in tests and entrance examination with North Indians in their language and we will always be at a disadvantage. That will only breed hostility, frustration and despair, with dire consequences for the unity of the country. The people of the South should not be expected to take all this lying down. Even the worm will turn. Why are the advocates of Hindi silent about Nehru's fair and honourable promise that Hindi would not be stuffed down the unwilling throats of the people of the South?

ANNA JOSEPH, Bangalore.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF JUNE 2

THE DEATH PENALTY

Bhutto's death, the post-revolution executions in Iran and, closer to home, the sentencing to death of Billa and Ranga, have provoked fresh thinking on the issue of capital punishment. Are the arguments used in favour of the death penalty valid?

TRANSFERRED!

A job transfer generally implies a promotion or at least an invigorating change in function —and, is usually welcomed by men. How do women feel about this? Do husbands and their employers pay any attention to the consequences of a transfer for the woman's career?

ANNAPOORNA MAHILA MANDAL

An enterprising Bombay women's cooperative

OH TO BE RICH!

Continuing the peek into the lives and styles of the ten richest women in the world.

BEEFING ABOUT BEEF

Shalan Savur

The Constitution of India which pledges that "The State shall endeavour to take steps for prohibiting the slaughter of cows and calves and other milch and draught animals", along with the Sarvodaya 'saint' Vinoba Bhave, have put the Central Government in a horny dilemma. Since it is a State subject, the Centre is proposing to bring it under its own legislation by amending the Constitution and making cow protection a concurrent subject. The passage of this Bill will be by no means easy as it is not only strongly opposed by the CPM, the DMK and the Congress (I), but also by certain people within the Janata party.

The Janata Party President, Mr. Chandra Shekhar, said, "It is not the intention of the Centre to curtail the autonomy of the States. Both Kerala and West Bengal should understand the general sentiments of the people. . ." A fully representative opinion poll has yet to be undertaken to find out the 'sentiments of the people'.

How and when did the cow become sacred in Hidduism? Archaeological diggings of the Indus Valley Civilization (3000 B.C.) have not indicated any signs or symbols to show that the cow was regarded as a special animal. With the advent of the Aryans (Vedic age), the era of the cow began — when a man was accorded respect by the number of cows he owned. But cow slaughter was part of the ceremonies. The Mahabharata calls it 'gomedha'. According to Rahul Sanskritayan, the well-known Hindit scholar, during epic times, King Rantideva of Malwa used to slaughter 2000 cows per day to feed his guests "royally". Evidence exists to show that during the fourth century B.C., Hindus ate beef. The "gohatak" slaughtered the cow and the meat was sold in the "open market". However, even during the Vedic and Sutra times slaughtering of milch cows was banned.

Beef-eating was finally stopped in the third century A.D. after the decline and fall of the Shakas. The slaughtering of cows began to be considered as a serious offence in the fourth century A.D. with the heralding of "Manusmriti" — the code of Manu. From the fourth century A.D. to the tenth, the cow acquired a growing importance. Wars were declared on this issue. Paintings and etchings show Lord Krishna surrounded by cows (the Kushanas period — 65-225 A.D.). The Sufis, who came to India before Mohammed of Ghazni, followed the Hindu law. The Muslim invaders changed all that. However, Emperor Akbar had his own views. His "firman" defined the bullock as the backbone of Indian agriculture. With the influx of the British into India, the slaughtering of cattle was legalised as they required beef for their armed forces.

As early as in 1958, the Supreme Court defined as "constitutionally valid" the ban on the slaughter of all cows, working bullocks, buffaloes and stud bulls. Only two states — Kerala and West Bengal — have not as yet banned cow slaughter.

While the Government has now agreed to amend the Constitution and then ban cow slaughter in Kerala and West Bengal, the issue bristles with problems. Besides treading on the stomachs of beef-eaters, the imposition of the cow-slaughter ban can give rise to "beefleggers", just as Prohibition brought in the breed of bootleggers. Tamil Nadu "beef leggers" enjoy a profitable surreptitious trade. Cattle are exported into Kerala where they are slaughtered, frozen and re-exported to Tamil Nadu. Similarly, Calcutta is the slaughter-house for the markets of Punjab, Haryana, Uttar Pradesh and Bihar.

While the opponents of the cow-slaughter ban are mainly the minority communities — Muslims and Christians — and a number of secular Hindus, the proponents are largely vegetarian Hindus who consider themselves to be from the "higher caste". Both have strong beliefs based on economic considerations, as apart from religious sentiments. There is a lot to be said on both sides.

So we interviewed a cross section of people to find out what they thought of the fact and of the issue itself.

Many like Ali, who owns a cigarette stall in the suburbs of Bombay, maintain, "It will not work. Most of us Keralites eat beef often. We cannot do without it. They cannot succeed however hard they try."

Mr. N.A. Kapadia, who belongs to the Bohra community, is the proprietor of a large departmental store in Bombay. A non-beef-eater himself, he argues, "They are fasting for cows. Why don't they fast for people? People are dying everywhere all over India

RIGHT : A staunch supporter of the ban contends. "Our religious beliefs have been pushed into the background for far too long."

Photographs : Sanil

— see Jamshedpur and Aligarh — I'm not talking of castes or communities — but seeing both sides. People are being slaughtered and they are not doing anything about it. If Gandhiji were alive today, this is not the way he would go about it. He would first look to the starving people."

Yes, if Gandhiji were alive today, he would walk the bloodied streets of India. He would be aghast at the communalism rampant even after 32 years. At every corner he would see not Indians — but Hindus, Muslims and Christians. And he would weep tears of blood.

According to an opponent of the ban, it is kinder to slaughter them than have them roam in the streets like breathing corpses, uncared for and neglected.

Opponents of the cow-slaughter ban point out that apart from providing cheaper meat, the skin, hides, bones and horns are utilized for the manufacture of leather goods and medicines. which are exported, bringing in the much-required foreign exchange. While various medicines and tonics can be prepared from the blood of slaughtered cows, these same life-savers cannot be manufactured from cows who have died due to natural causes such as old age.

As milk-yielders, Indian cattle are very poor. Out of 25 breeds only three are bred for dairy purposes (milch cows). The rest are for labour.

The imposition of the ban will render lakhs of people jobless. In Maharashtra, 2,00,000 people will find themselves unemployed. In Calcutta alone, the largest slaughter-house nets an income of Rs. 80 to 82 lakhs per annum.

Cow slaughter, as separate from cattle slaughter, has been banned in almost all the Indian states. Himachal Pradesh is in the process of legislating this law. In Bihar, a surreptitious greasing of the palm ensures a regular supply of cattle. While cow-slaughter is banned in Delhi, the killing of buffaloes is not. Bribed inspectors often pass off cow meat as buffalo meat. Kerala has banned the killing of cattle under ten years.

While the popular concept is that only "old" and "decapacitated" cattle are slaughtered, Mr. R.K. Patil, who surveyed Calcutta, feels that this is so only with 10 per cent of the killings. To get by the specified slaughter law, the owners often amputate a limb of the animal.

Dr. K.N. Raj, the noted economist, points out that sufficient land is not available to feed the growing human and cattle population, and banning the slaughter of cattle will only intensify this problem.

Mr. K. Narayan Nair, of the Centre for Development Studies, recently conducted a study on the economics of cattle. Mr. Nair concludes that cattle slaughter in Kerala has "resulted in a rise of both meat and milk output. A total ban on cow slaughter will adversely affect the outgoing livestock development projects. . ." For the simple reason that there is not enough quality fodder to go around.

"As far as I can see," says

TO SLAUGHTER OR NOT TO SLAUGHTER COWS. THE QUESTION IS ONCE AGAIN BEFORE US. A SAMPLING OF "THE SENTIMENTS OF THE PEOPLE"

housewife Mrs. Rohini Dalal, "if beef is banned, prices of mutton and vegetables will go up even further due to increased demand. And prices of milk will not come down. So who are they helping? The common man or the cow?"

Susan Monroe writes from Surat, ". . . .As it is, we Indians cannot maintain our cows and it is much kinder to slaughter them and thus relieve them of the hell they suffer, roaming in the streets and lanes like breathing corpses, uncared for and neglected. . ."

Is the revival of the issue of the cow-slaughter ban due to religious sentiments? Or is it for economic reasons? Beef is the poor man's meat. While goat-meat sells for Rs. 15 per kilo, beef sells for just half the price. To twist a cliche, can India justify the "if-you-cannot-eat-beef-eat mutton" factor which will creep in if the ban is imposed? The protagonists of the ban argue that beef does not reach the **very** poor, which I feel, is a very limited viewpoint. They should ask themselves that by banning slaughter of cattle, **can** they help the **very** poor?

Betty Pereira, a teacher, feels that the Government is "too sensible" to take such an extreme step. "There is too much at stake," she says flatly. "It is not a question of religious beliefs or communities, but something as basic and universal as the food of the people."

According to a survey taken by the Bangalore Indian Institute of Management, animals are important for irrigation works. The modern world-on-wheels has not reached our villages, as the maintenance of trucks and tractors would be too expensive for the average farmer. According to 70-year-old T.C. Saraf of the Gandhi Peace Foundation the annual cow dung yield of Indian cattle is 900 million tonnes and this in terms of revenue amounts to Rs. 9000 crores, (cow dung cakes are sold at the rate of Rs. 100 per tonne). Its urine is used in medical aids.

The renowned industrialist, Mr. Dharamsey M. Khatau, president of the Akhil Bharat Krishi Goseva Sangh, says, "It is a matter of great disappointment that the issue has to be periodically raised from public platforms." He feels that Kerala and West Bengal should toe the line as, besides the economic aspects, "it involves the cultural heritage of India."

Unfortunately, our westernised Indians who scoff at the ban on cow-slaughter as reactionary, are all set to promote European culture when they are scandalously horrified at the very idea of eating horsemeat — a throwback into the history of Europe when the European farmer depended heavily on his horse. . . a point made by Kishore Shah in the "Indian Express". Of course, this could also be explained by the fact that people are not used to the idea of eating horsemeat and are therefore repelled by it. They would show a similar reluctance to eat rat meat.

Preeti Rao, a social worker, asks indignantly, "If the Government can abolish stunning due to minority pressure, why can't it abolish cow-slaughter as it hurts the religious sentiments of the majority?"

Natubhai, a Gujarati Hindu, is a staunch supporter of the ban. "Our religious beliefs have been pushed into the background for far too long." Natubhai feels that "for some time there may be a lot of riots and disturbances if the ban is imposed. But people will soon learn to accept it as law and peace will be restored."

Apart from the naivete of such a statement, the communal implications are frightening. Since Independence, India has grown more volatile — a boiling volcano fed on communal tensions, poverty, unemployment. . .Need we add one more issue to it and allow it to explode in our faces?

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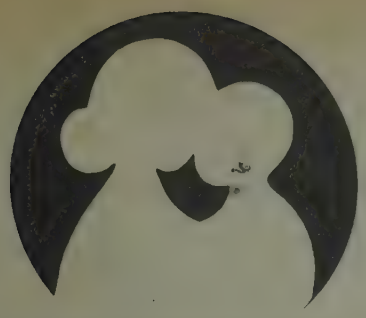
SAVING CHILDREN WITH YOUR BLOOD

Saroop Krishen

ABOVE : Ashima Seth, a 5-year old, who soon after birth was discovered to be a Thallasaemic child. In this condition repeated transfusions of blood have to be given for several years, to overcome the deficiency of the blood making system.

Ashima has lived on the strength of blood transfused every 3-4 weeks. Her mother's expression of joy is representative of thousands of mothers whose children are alive today thanks to the generosity of some kind blood donors.

RIGHT : A Haemophilic baby. The only hope for haemophiliac children is the ready availability of cryoprecipitate, a component of blood. The slightest knock or hurt results in bruises and internal bleeding.



RHESUS BABY

In the maternity ward of the hospital lay a woman in her late thirties with a pretty face but with tragedy written all over it. She was in the ninth month of her pregnancy, but her looks betrayed only grave despair. She had already lost eight babies, some full term, others even earlier. This one was her last hope because her husband had died a couple of months earlier. The incompatibility of wife's and husband's blood was responsible for these mishaps and the chances of saving the baby this time too were slim.

The miracle medicine was blood. The baby needed a complete exchange transfusion. The message had been splashed by the blood bank on the AIR and in the newspapers requesting donors of that particular blood group to help urgently. Special appeals had been made to women's colleges also. Moved by the tragic circumstances of the woman, a group of college girls responded to the call and came forward with offers of blood. The baby was saved and tears of joy and relief trickled down the cheeks of the mother, her face glowing in the pride of motherhood. It was all thanks to the willing contribution of the young donors who fully shared the happiness of the mother.

Thousands of babies all over the world who are born with the Rh problem are likewise saved every day mainly because some people with compassion in their hearts are ready to part with a small quantity of their blood. The Rh factor and its importance in blood therapy was discovered in 1941 by Landsteiner. It received its name from the Rhesus monkey in whose blood it is found.

The effect of the Rhesus factor on babies had had a great deal of publicity. Not, let it be said, because of the danger, but because of the success which has attended their treatment by transfusion. Affected babies are about 1 in 250 births, and they are, almost always, Rh positive babies born to an Rh negative mother and an Rh positive father.

What happens is this; occasionally blood from the baby leaks into the circulation of the mother before birth. The mother (Rh negative) is then receiving a slow transfusion of Rh positive blood from her own baby, which passes back into the baby and attacks its red corpuscles. If she is very "sensitive" to the Rh ractor she may form an anti-Rh antibody. The red corpuscles are first of all clumped together and they eventually break down, causing the baby to be born with anaemia and jaundice (haemolytic disease of the newborn).

More commonly, the antibody does not reach an effective strength until about the date of birth and so the first baby is usually unaffected or only slightly affected. The antibody can, however, remain in the blood and may attack any future Rh positive baby.

In any event, the condition can now be treated by "exchange transfusion," a procedure in which the baby's blood (and the antibody) is gradually removed and replaced by fresh blood.

PREVENTION OF Rh DISEASE IN SUBSEQUENT PREGNANCIES

Wthin 72 hours after the birth of the baby or the termination of pregnancy, Anti D immunoglobulin is injected into the Rh mother. This immunization prevents the formation of mother's own Rh+anti-bodies and consequently in the next pregnancy, the baby develops normally. Anti-D should be administered following delivery, miscarriage or abortion, to continue protection if the baby is Rh+

HAEMOPHILIA

Take the story of Manoj. He was discovered to be a haemophiliac at the age of two when the scab from a burn on his hand came away and he bled profusely.

In the intervening years Manoj who is now 14 has faced many hazards. To walk with care has become second nature because any injury can start a bleeding

Continued on Page 39

WOMEN AS AGRO-SCIENTISTS

Dilip Patel

And

N. V. Shridharan

AN INCREASING NUMBER OF GIRLS ARE TAKING UP AGRICULTURAL SCIENCES AS A CAREER, WHICH WAS TILL NOW MOSTLY A MALE DOMAIN

Women in our country have come a long way, defying many taboos in various fields beyond the four walls of their houses. Many areas traditionally classified as "man's preserve" are no longer so today. At this juncture, when woman has successfully entered into the professional fields of engineering, law and the corporate world of management, her entry into the portals of the institutes of agricultural science could hardly be called dramatic or surprising. It could be termed as delayed for, unlike the other professional fields, woman was never unconnected with, or a non participant in agricultural activities.

Ever since man learnt to sow seeds and reap the harvest, woman has been working with him shoulder to shoulder. In fact, she carried out more activities on the field than man did. The only difference being that man has been taking important decisions all along as to when to till the land, what and when to sow, how much manure to be put, how to protect the crops from pests, animals and other enemies and, finally, when to harvest, etc. while woman passively carried out his orders. This order is still prevailing in our rural areas without much change.

Thus women's entry into the universities of agricultural sciences for learning the intricate science of agriculture and allied fields, has symbolically catapulated them into the driver's seat. What started as a trickle in recent years will surely grow into a mighty stream.

Next to Kerala, the University of Agricultural Sciences, Bangalore (UAS-B), has the highest number of girl students on its rolls in India. More than fifty girls are distributed among various degree courses in Agriculture, Horticulture, Agricultural Marketing and Veterinary Sciences.

Universities of agricultural sciences have been opened in India only during the last two decades after realising the importance of the subjects concerned with agriculture and allied fields. With the advent of scientific research and the bias towards rural development, the scope for graduates from these universities has increased tremendously.

The very first girl to take up this course and set a new trend in UAS-B was from Goa, who

joined the University in 1971. She has graduated since, and is said to be working on a farm in Goa. Today, there are as many as ten girls in the final year of various courses, and four girls are doing post graduation. One girl has already taken a Ph.D from this University. The majority of the girls however are, in their first and second years.

It was not very smooth sailing for the pioneering girls to be the only ones in skirts and sarees on the huge campuses of the universities. They suffered humiliating jeers, cat calls and all the other maladies of the male ego. With the increase in their strength, however the situation has eased.

Usually, it is the urban women folk who lead their species into any progressive movement. However, here in the UAS, the majority of girls are from the semi urban and rural areas. A few Iranian girls also have been attracted to this University. We met a cross section of the girls in UAS who reside in the hostel. Incidentally, the extension of hostel facilities has attracted more girls from rural and semi urban areas in recent years.

Veena Kumari is from Kolar and is doing her final year in Agricultural Sciences. Her sister, who is working in the Government Agricultural Department, inspired her to take up this course. Jayakumari is from Coorg where coffee plantations area abound. Her neighbour, an agricultural officer, advised her to take this course which suited her own desire to do something uncommon. Fired with almost a similar desire came Jyoti from a remote town in Andhra Pradesh. She does not like the lethargic outlook of her town people, and so she chose to go far away from her place. Devi has come all the way from Manipur, the far away eastern State, on a State government scholarship.

There are two more girls from her home State. Devi's family is an agricultural one and her brother is a post graduate in Agriculture. Umadevi, a second year agriculture girl from Tiptoor, had wanted to get into a medical college, but she could not get a seat here and there and so decided to do agriculture. Jayanti is from Sagar and Gracy from Chickmagalur. Veena T. and Jayshree V. L. are doing Veterinary Sciences. Most of the Veterinary Sciences girls have opted for that course only as a second alternative after not succeeding in getting medical seats. This did create some depression in them in the beginning, says Veena T., but, as the course advanced, they picked up interest and now most of them have no regrets.

The University offers courses in Agriculture, Horticulture, Agricultural Marketing and Co-operation, Veterinary Sciences and Home Science. Agriculture, Horticulture and Marketing are 12-trimester courses while Veterinary is a 14-trimester course. A five-year course in Fishery is also available at its affiliated college at Mangalore. Each trimester (there are three trimesters in each academic year) consists of 16 to 18 credits and each credit is one class a week of one hour's duration.

Practicals are of three-hour duration. There are periodic tests crowding the already busy schedule. The girls survive all these and often come out with flying colours. Most of their time has to be spent on the vast fields of their campus. Each student is given a piece of plot in which he or she has to raise various crops, gathering practical experience as the course advances. The students have to wield all the agricultural implements, modern and traditional, in their fields.

The girls claim that they do not take any help from the field labourers employed by the University or anybody else in doing physical labour. They vehemently resent such suggestions. The produce from their plots is sold through the University's outlets and the proceeds are given to the students.

The courses demand the students to go to the rural areas to impart their knowledge and propagate modern scientific techniques to improve agricultural and horticultural production. Students also benefit by way of learning the existing situation in the rural areas. The girl do not find any difficulty in these programmes either. The students also learn allied subjects like poultry farming and sericulture.

In the final year, the students have to take up a course in "Experimental techniques" which is similar to research work in a way. The students are given some research oriented problems and

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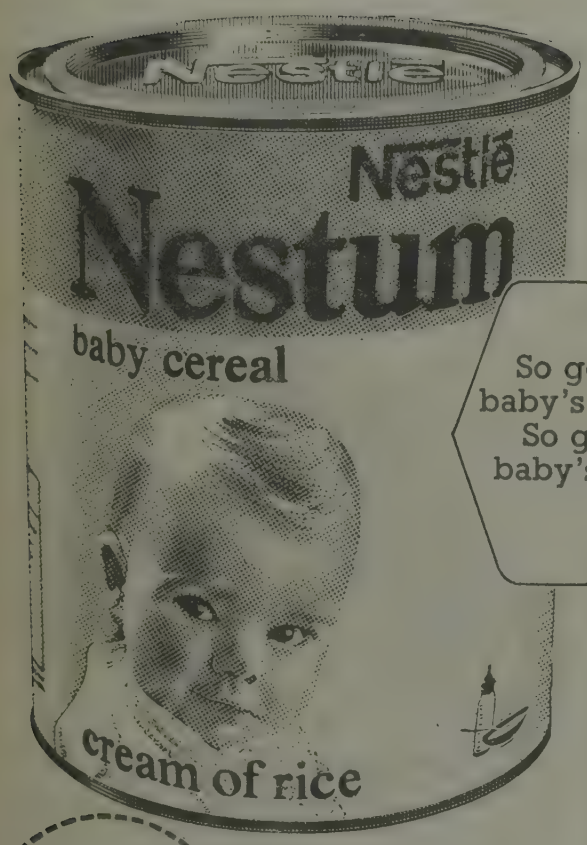

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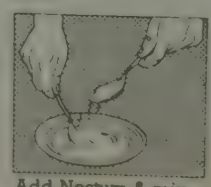
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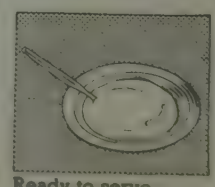
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WOMEN IN FOCUS

FROM STAGE TO SCREEN

SUSHMA SETH

Remember the lovable, loquacious Chachi in "Junoon"? New to the celluloid world, she is already a big name on the North Indian stage. Sushma Seth was one of the founder members and the backbone of the "Yatrik", a group which has held sway over the stage for nearly a decade from the early '60s, and more recently, her name is synonymous with the Children's Creative Theatre Workshop.

Dressed in a turquoise sari, a chunky choker adorning her neck, she looked as sophisticated and worldly a lady as one is likely to see, doing the rounds of the coffee, cards or kitty sessions in the capital. But that's where one would be wrong. The sincerity and earnestness with which she speaks of her childhood love, the theatre, makes one realise her dedication to the stage.

Mrs. Seth's entry into the screen world was a mere chance. "Satyadev Dubey is a friend of ours. He told me about 'Junoon' and how Shyam Benegal was looking for new faces, and also that he was taking on a lot of theatre people. I had always admired Shyam, his kind of direction. When he contacted me, I heard the story, read the script and felt that I would be able to do the role of the Begum. Besides, I thought the whole prospect quite exciting." She smiled reminiscently, and continued, "It was a totally different experience from stage acting. On the stage you are constantly rehearsing, constantly in touch with your co-stars, and slowly build up towards the climax. You have a rapport with the audience, and this is what gives you the sense of immense satisfaction. Films involve a great amount of technique and every gesture has to be underplayed. You have to curb every movement. At the same time, every flicker, every fleeting expression is recorded. Subtlety is the key note here.

"In films there is no continuity. And you aren't even looking into someone's face or eyes while speaking the dialogues. When you realize that you are staring straight into the lens, that's when you feel let down." She illustrated this point with a scene from the film, when her son's dead body is brought home. "I personally feel that I did my best there, but when I saw the film, I didn't feel the impact as I would have wished it to be. If you recollect, I have my face turned down, not looking full at the camera, so that it could not catch my complete

expression. Well, I did it the way I would have done it on the stage, and it would have gone beautifully with the audience, because they would be there, right in front of me, catching the expression on my countenance. But here, the camera only sees what is in its line of vision. Obviously it must have been alright because it was passed by the director," explained Sushma. The sequence that she enjoyed doing was where the four women are out in the open, the younger two singing on the swing with the older two admiring them.

Sushma hadn't done on the stage the kind of character she portrayed in her first movie. But her policy is quite clear, "If you are doing a character, you've just got to get into her shoes and be her."

Of the behaviour of the stars: "No, there were no star 'nakhras'. No segregation, and a lot of cooperation. This kind of unit spoils one for other kinds of films, I was told by the other members who have been in the industry long enough to know. I give the kudos to Shashi who, as the producer, was responsible for this wonderful feeling of togetherness and sense of belonging. Shyam, besides being such a competent director is also a great person. He is so open to suggestions."

How did Sushma take up acting as a profession? "Play acting comes natural to a child. Having grown up in a large joint family, there were always plenty of kids around, and we were always staging plays. I used to organize and direct them. My first public performance was when I was about nine years old, 'Yeh Dili Hai' with a large adult cast. Till college (Lady Irwin) where I was President of the Dramatic Club, acting and classical vocal music were the two interests that ran parallel." Then she opted for the former and in 1956 went to Briarcliffe College, New York, and from there to the Carnegie Institute of Technology from where she graduated, majoring in Directing. "But I was taught practically every aspect of stage craft," she said. Back home, she toured all over the country and worked with a number of play groups, till "Yatrik" was formed. During this time, she was also the recipient of the Delhi State Sahitya Kala Parishad's Award for her acting in "Sakharam Binder."

"Something that I have always felt bad about, and that could have well been the reason for the break-up of 'Yatrik' — we had this terrible struggle for professionalism. Our standard was definitely professional, but we all realised that we couldn't make a living out of it. There was just no audience for plays in Delhi when we started off. I think the only kind of entertainment they enjoyed was the movie. We had to cultivate the audience. In a year we'd do about eight plays. Of these, two would be slapstick comedies, which everyone would like, then we'd slip in an experimental and see how they'd react. Then to make sure that that wouldn't make them run away from us, we'd again bring in something that would prove highly popular.

"When 'Yatrik' disintegrated, I thought I'd never be able to live without acting, but the Children's Workshop has given so much satisfaction. Started as a roof-top theatre one summer evening in 1973, the experiment was a great success and the workshop came into being. Last year the National School of Drama sponsored the Workshop, so we put up three plays, instead of the two annual productions. The school is on for seven months every year, depending upon exam time and vacations. I have about 35-40 kids at a time between the ages of eight and 14, as I find this group can comprehend what's happening.

"We go through the whole works, speech, voice, movements, dancing, music and even yoga, besides the other aspects of stage craft. We usually choose a play that the children are familiar with and can identify themselves with. Last year we did 'Pinocchio'; it was a colossal hit. Creative dramatics, besides being an excellent way of tapping the talent of youngsters, also acts as a therapy for speech problems We do a lot of improvising in our plays, within the framework. Some of the kids are so good, so talented and so excellent at imitating, you almost see your own expression mirrored in their faces. And that makes you feel that they have learnt what you wanted to teach them," she elaborated.

Sushma was visibly upset at the disinterest shown by teachers and principals of schools. "Our workshop was putting up this Hindi play, and I had rung up a couple of the Corporation Schools, asking the Principals to send in about 50 students each, free of charge to the play. You know what the principal of one of the schools said? 'I'm sorry, it being a Sunday, I won't be able to get any of the teachers to volunteer to escort the children.' Just look at that. Not even one of them had the interest, the dedication or the inclination to spend those few extra hours for their children to see something different. I was so livid, that I nearly told him that I was going to take the matter up with the higher-ups in the Education Ministry, but realised that it might be a futile exercise on my part. So, instead, I told him to send across one of his senior students, who could see the theatre (which was within walking distance from their school), collect the invitations and bring the other students along the next day. And that's how it worked out. The profuse 'thank-you's' I got from them afterwards was worth the effort." she asserts. "My future plans? I would like to act in some good films. I am currently doing another movie, a Punjabi one, 'Chan Pardesi' which has a lot of the FTII students involved in it." She has been offered a few roles in Bombay, but hasn't quite decided yet, because, "my priority is still my workshop, and I intend opening one in this city later."

Amita Sarwal

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A GREAT NAME IN HINDI LITERATURE

ACCLAIMED AS A GREAT HINDI WRITER WHO HAS MADE HER MARK IN THE ACADEMIC WORLD, TOO, INDU JAIN IS AT HER CREATIVE BEST AS A POET

Indu Jain, eminent Hindi writer and poet, wrote her first poem at the age of nine. "I was making a nuisance of myself and so my mother gave me a pencil and paper and sent me out into the garden." The poem spoke of nature and flowers and had a certain lyrical quality which surprised her parents. Realizing her talent, they gave her a lot of encouragement. From then on there was no looking back for Indu.

At Banaras University, where Indu got her master's degree, she set a record by securing 92 per cent marks with her dissertation on Modern Experimental Poetry. She was also the recipient of two gold medals for her writings and essays at the University.

Indu Jain's poetry is making a distinctive mark on Hindi literature. Her outstanding work is **64 Kavitayen** — a collection of sixty-four poems. Others are **Jhurmut,** a collection of articles and memoirs, and **Pancham Swar,** a collection of the works of five women poets. Her latest book is to be published soon. **64 kavitayen** and some of her other poems have been translated into Bengali, Oriya, Punjabi and English. Her poems have been translated by eminent Czech writer, Odolen Smekel, in his book **Modern Hindski Poeze.** Recently, one of Indu's short stories was taken as a model for the Afro-Asian writers' workshop, organized by the Ministry of Education.

Although Indu Jain writes artlcles and short stories, her first love still remains poetry.

"Are any of your writings women-oriented?"

"Not directly, of course, but being a woman they do project women's feelings and their points of view."

Not resting on her laurels in the field of literature and poetry, Indu since 1954, has been writing scripts for radio and television in Hindi, Urdu and English Units. She also comperes T. V. programmes on literary, social and cultural subjects. Every Republic Day Indu comperes the Parade's Cultural Pageant. She is also on the committee which selects announcers for T.V. and Radio, and on the panel discussions of the National Council for Education Research and Technology (NCERT).

Indu Jain, who is a Professor at Indarprastha College, will soon be leaving for Japan to join the Tokyo University of Foreign Studies as a guest professor for two years. She will teach Hindi to M.A. and Ph.D. students.

"How do you feel having achieved so much in your young life?"

"Well, the credit for this should go to my husband. He has always inspired and helped me. 'Behind every great woman is a man,' and I do not care what the Woman's Lib has to say about this."

Indu Jain s writings belongs to the modern genre. Her poems, a few of which are reproduced here and her short story "The Pest" amply illustrate this. "The Pest" is a critique of the male mentality that treats women as mere objects of sex and utility. The use of the fly symbol underlines the grotesqueness and helplessness of the situation. The poems have been translated by the poet herself.

Pushpa Hans

AIR 1
THRUST

Ruins

Steps

high plinth

Air rose on toes straight up
and sped
across green fields
not touching ground
without using stairs-
cutting through trees
flat and floating
etching a line in the void

Ruins burst into bits
by the backward thrust of
speed

AIR 2
FREEDOM

I am the jet of air

you — the launching pad

I was deep in you
standing erect

Now I am all afire
steam and smoke

Howsoever you may try
strings of my hair
shall slip out of your grasp

Eyes fixed on stars
shall not look down
straight in my flight
your rememberance —

a pledge to keep farther
away
from you

This too is a bond

The day you tightened your
arms
around me
atoms started splitting
outwards

Igniting fireworks
is giving birth to flame-
flowers
— is inevitably being left
with spent wire in hand

AIR 3

FROM THE CAVE

From within you
something reaches out and
pulls

I dangle by the hook
of attraction
buried in the gullet

The wall of body is opaque
and eyes have a habit of
reading

They go on deciphering
names on the wall
and the focused magic
of deep concentration
to make it transparent
gets dissipated

Hand on the shoulder
is merely hand on the
shoulder

only lips upon lips
meeting of glances moves
just one stone
and leads into a blind cave

The problem is that I know
there is air beyond the cave

A touch of the sea
and unknown fragrance
hover in the navel

Fish dangling from the hook
flaps and flutters

The embrace of death
is met only after losing
consciousness

May be this is why
hunger is immortal

LOVE

Love has myriad names
— a bird that takes off
suddenly
— life sentence instead of
a hanging
— expectation without
expectation

— A hazy mirror
— doe-like but blind eye
— sunshine on snow
scorched crops
— sand-stuck boat
— sultry evening
— feverish, nude noon of
searing summer

Love — like a much-
shuffled pack of cards
make me will poetry still

Love — that empties me out
and laying eggs in the
raven's nest
flies away merrily
cooing as the shameless
cuckoo

THE PEST

Indu Jain

"Well, Batra Sahib! What a beauty that girl is! You can't take your eyes off her. What height! Small waist and a figure so imposing that. . ." said Bankey Lal raising his shoulders and swelling his chest. "What luxurious hair! If she were to sit in the nude with her hair down, nobody could glimpse her body. Her large eyes! You know these poets have the smile of a gazelle's eye! Her's are the same. Over and above, she is very educated — doing research in History. Oh, the girl's sight is more than a bottle of Scotch."

At the moment, it was Bankey Lal's sight that confronted me — a reedy-tall aged man, bulging-eye and bald-pated, on whose thick, dry lips traces of saliva glistened now. He was firmly planted in the chair. Who could believe it was a father speaking about a daughter. To me he looked a broker, a pimp.

I turned my eyes away from him. As I looked down my irritation mounted. On the table lay the half-full cup of tea, covered with a stale brown film. A fly was dexterously trying to take a dip in it. Every time it was about to reach its destination, Bankey Lal's twig-like, knotty fingers moved in gesticulation, illustrating a woman's waist or eyes or height or roundness — and the fly would jump off and hover around for another opportunity.

It was my ill luck that fifteen years back, searching for a job, I had landed in Beghumpur, a dirty, dusty town. Bankey Lal was a school master there. It was a mystery how he had became the landlord of so many **havelis** on such a meagre salary. His wife gave birth to a daughter almost every nine months and he built a house every twelve months. Now the daughters had become young women. Surprisingly enough the father, instead of being anxious about the unmarried daughters, exulted in their youth and beauty. Bankey was truly a strange specimen.

I had bid farewell to that township as well as lecturership and had settled down in Delhi, but Bankey, the pest, clung on to me. Every time he came to the capital, and he had many occasions to do so because of various litigations he was forever involved in because of his huge properties, he must visit my office and claim his share of my time and energy. I was nervously perturbed by these visits. Each time he would gulp down three or four cups of tea and besides, behave with such friendly intimacy with my colleagues as if I was his father-in-law and he was the pampered son-in-law of the whole department.

Today was another such occasion. I was irritated beyond all limits and decided to tell him plainly that I was very busy and he should leave me in peace. As I looked up, my eye landed on Gupta sitting at a table behind Bankey. He had a smirk on his lips — such a strange mixture of derision and lascivisious relisf — that I was cut to the quick. I realised that talking in low tones was a nicety unknown to Bankey. Consequently he had been regaling the department with his fair-sex fantasies for the last half-hour.

Anger sizzled within me. "I shall have this rascal thrown out this minute," and my hand pounded at the shrill bell. But when

Deenu the peon entered, my bravado deserted me and all I could utter was: "Take away this cup of tea, a fly has fallen into it. . ."

"You know, Batra Sahib, Roopa has been married off. Suggest some groom for Meera. . ."

Bankey was rambling on unaware of my anguish. Every year Bankey had talked on the subject of a groom for one of his daughters and not even once did I suggest any. But that did not deter him from posing the problem to me again and again. In fact, he did not so much mean to seek help as just show off that he had so many youthful daughters.

"You see Mr. Batra, there is no dearth of boys, but what I am looking for is a person who can give full satisfaction to her. What else is there to be sought in life? Believe me, I am very frank and above board in these matters. I have clearly told my daughter that I would not let her marry unless I fully approved of the boy."

In certain matters women possess a third eye. My wife sized him up the very first day as she

HE WAS A BOOR AND A BORE, HE THOUGHT OF EVEN HIS OWN DAUGHTERS AS GOOD BUYS IN THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

went to answer the door-bell. After seating him in the drawing room she came and told me, "A rather undesirable type of man has come to meet you. He says he is from Beghumpur."

I had been at Beghumpur for barely a year and during the period my wife had been half the time away to her parents. Years had passed since I left the town, but even now the very mention of the place put her off. Somehow she had taken an instinctive dislike to the people there. She thought of them as no better than frogs inside a pond and preferred to divert her fancy to cultivating dwarf dahlias and tall holly hocks. And today somebody from that wretched place in her house, out of the blue! A truly "undesirable" happening!

After that first encounter, Bankey Lal's antics like calling my wife "Bhabhiji, Bhabhiji" and smiling from ear to ear in her presence, fell apart. Not even once did she cook pakauris for him nor serve him Bombay chivra, a simple courtesy habitual with her for all and sundry. He would come and leave the house without stepping beyond the male parlour. For him such a desert existed in my wife's heart that not a drop of moisture could be squeezed out even if Bankey Lal stood on his head to please her. Gradually Bankey Lal's visits to the house petered out. Then, after an interlude of three years, he appeared in my office.

I communicated my lamentation about his visit to my wife, but observed that the very mention of him upset her so much that it was a problem to bring her back to good humour. Her reaction at best was to pass some satirical remark. Generally, she would have kept mum but the expression in her eyes and her smile of superiority eloquently conveyed, "Though you assume an air of uppishness with my people you have no guts to get rid of this two pence fellow. Must be that you relish his spicy chit-chat too much. . ."

This time Bankey Lal really surpassed himself in crudity. As he entered my office, he blurted out, "Batra sahib, I have a terrific plan for you! Why don't you divorce your wife?" Mostly I was not startled by his blabber. almost like a person living by the dirty drain gradually getting used to the foul smell. But this indecent suggestion jerked me out of my stupor. I had an uneasy suspicion that may be he was mentally unhinged. But I was wrong. It was not only his brain but his total being that was ailing. He was sickness incarnate standing on the crossroads of naked animality.

He had already come equipped with the blueprint of his scheme. "The exchequer thinks that it is very smart," Bankey said. "There is a talk to club the husband-wife income. What a mockery! The government wishes to swell its revenues at our expense. My plan is really going to fool them. Hold your breath and listen: I HAVE DIVORCED MY OLD WOMAN. That takes care of the clubbing business. In actual fact, we are as we were, but on paper our property is divided and the rest is clear for the clever. My three married daughters — Kanta, Roopa and Meera — will take a little coaxing, but I am getting their divorce papers prepared, too. . ."

Dumb-founded, I stared at Bankey, trying to understand him. I myself had criticised the government many a time in reference to the income-tax laws. But could I ever even dream of taking such a step? This man was undoubtedly a fiend. But why did I feel that way? Was I not surrounded by meanness all over? Everyone of us had skeletons in our cupboards. Each one in my own office was a hypocrite, a shirker, and dishonest. Then why was it that only this man's teeth bore resemblance to the wolf's fangs for me? Why did an ocean of hatred heave within me when this man burst into uncouth, boisterous haw-haws? Why did I feel that his fingers were advancing towards me like the pincers of a spider?

Bankey was assuring me "Batra Sahib, let it be. Do not bother your head at all. Such things are not meant for people of your calibre. After all, you are a 'man of culture' as they say. Such doings suit only us, rustics and ruffians. We belong to an age when the wife would die in a corner without uttering a sigh of protest. Yours is a different story. You are a modern, civilised man and so is Bhabhiji. . .

"Now how about a groom for Radha Beti? What a girl! A feast for eyes! Looking at me no one would believe that she is my daughter. She has such sparkling, hazel eyes. . . this large... And Sir, what a figure! What stature! Skin soft and smooth like butter. Complexion so fair and delicate that even a glance would soil it. She is teaching Home Science. Her self-stitched blouses fit her so snugly that not a single loose crease can be detected and yes, how could I forget? She has thick, golden brown tresses. "

The bloody pimp! I shall not spare him today. I am not going to rest till I get him thrown out of my office for ever! My head was abuzz with steely resolutions and my palm struck the bell violently.

In came the peon and out went my courage. I managed to mumble, "Remove this . . . cup. . . and get me some fresh tea. . ."

My submission submerged me under total filth and the fly flapped and fluttered in my gullet. . . It does till today.

(Translated from the original Hindi by the author)

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IN ISRAEL TODAY:

LIFE IN A KIBBUTZ

Susy Aya Ram

LIFE IN A KIBBUTZ IS STRENUOUS, BUT IT IS CAREFREE, SECURE AND HAPPY, LIVED ON THE PRINCIPLE OF "TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS, FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS CAPACITY"

Leah's day begins at 3 a.m. She works in the milking plant of her kibbutz "Shoval". Three per cent of Israel's population live in kibbutzim, which are dotted throughout the country from the Galilee to the Negev. A kibbutz means communal living, collective ownership and education, communal dining rooms and children living in special children's quarters away from the parents' residental areas.

In Shoval, Leah and her colleagues handle about five hundred cows, all of which have to be milked twice a day. She hastens out of her bed with the chime of the alarm, freshens up and walks a short distance in the cool of the night to the shed where her two colleagues await her to begin the daily chores. The cows are guided in, twelve at a time, and made to stand in two rows. The mechanical milking apparatus (each one, when drawn out of its container, produces a sound similar to that of a calf) are fixed to the udders by their suction effect, and very soon the glass containers get filled with rich frothing milk. From each cow, twenty to forty litres of milk are obtained per day. Leah continues the procedure till all the cows are milked. Around 8 a.m., when she finishes, she proceeds to the common kibbutz dining hall for her breakfast.

Other members from various parts of the kibbutz meet her, and she always has something to say to each one. The kibbutz members total eight hundred. Some come in after working on the farm. Shoval is situated in the Negev which is a relatively dry area in the south of Israel. If you travel by bus, you can see the golden sand shimmering for miles, and the strong breeze often swirls up clouds of dry sand. You are soon amazed to see a large patch of green.

This is Shoval, a veritable garden in the desert. Several acres of crops like wheat are grown under polythene covers to preserve moisture. The water is carried by long pipes from a common water source. The pipes are punctured with tiny holes, and the water constantly oozes into the ground. Most of the water in Israel comes from the Sea of Galilee, which is a fresh water source, the depth of which nobody has been able to measure, as it varies constantly.

Citrus plants abound on the farms, and it is indeed a pleasure to watch the luscious lemons, grapefruit, oranges, tangerines and pumellows hanging in huge clusters against a background of deep green foliage. Most of these fruits are exported. All the farm workers begin their daily routine at 7 a.m. and take turns going in for breakfast.

Breakfast is a full meal consisting of bread, eggs, jam, cottage cheese, tomatoes and cucumber salad and rich coffee. After her breakfast, Leah goes back to work. She supervises the pasteurising and storage of milk in huge metal drums. The milk is then taken in vans to the factory in the nearest city where it is put into one litre polythene bags and sold in the markets. Shoval buys the milk bags back from the market.

My husband and I remember the day we visited Leah. She bounded into the dining hall in her working clothes, jeans and shirt, and we were all so excited. We spoke between gulps of food and coffee, there was so much to say. She wanted to know all about India, and we, all about the kibbutz. We heard of Leah from my brother who has been her penfriend for several years. It was like a family get together in a far away land. The place was so beautiful, with a wide variety of bougainvillaea, poinsettia, hibiscus and different kinds of pine. We strolled on the spacious lawns while Leah completed her morning duties and she then took us to meet her family.

Leah was married in her late thirties. Her husband, Moshe, was a widower and has three daughters from his former marriage. In a kibbutz the children do not live with their parents, as each child is considered a kibbutz product and parents do not have any financial responsibility. As babies, the children are looked after in the nursery and the mother only comes to feed her child. All other responsibilities of caring for the young rests in the 'metapelet', the nurse. After the first grade, the children move to the 'bet-safar' the grammar school. The children are ready for the day's activities by 7 a.m. and have classes till 12 p.m. Various subjects are taught by the project method. The eighth graders are recommended to submit their project at the end of the academic year, and examples of their work included articles on 'Antarctica', 'The Arab Israeli conflict', 'On Dogs' etc. Manifestations of juvenile delinquency is very rare, due to their cultural background. All students enjoy a high standard of living, and no one feels left out.

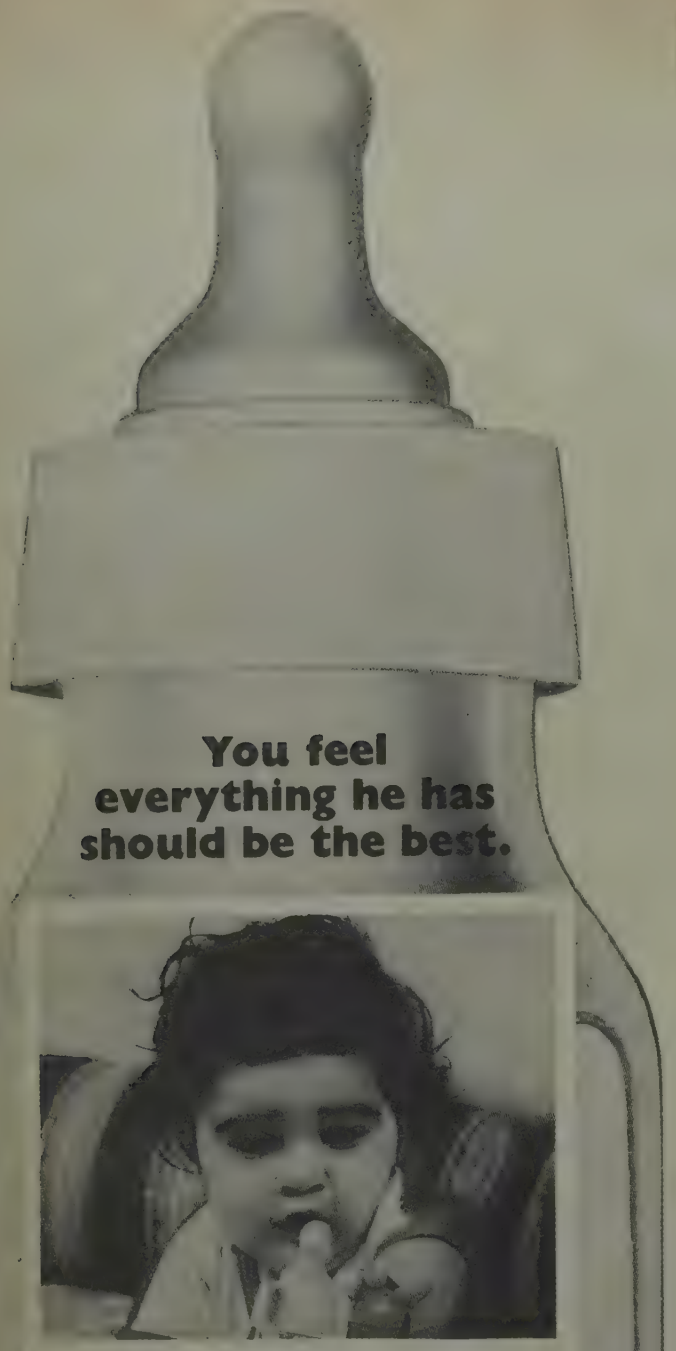
Leah maintains a loving relationship with her step children, and they were delighted to meet us. The children are served meals in the children's dining hall. It is only during the Feast days like Pesach (Passover) Shavuot (Pentecost) and Sukkot (Feast of Tabernacles) when the children dine with their parents.

Lunch consisted of soup, meat and fish, mashed potatoes, beetroot, and fruit. Leah related her experiences while working in the kitchen. Having to feed eight hundred people they were constantly peeling, cutting and frying while the waitresses came in with empty trays to return with heavily laden ones. Leah's husband Moshe joined us at lunch and told us about his work in the chicken house. Certainly, the mass produced chicken were not as tasty as the freely moving farm chickens of India. The chicken there have limited space, are fed on artificial feed and killed within three months. At the time we were in Israel they had a huge surplus of eggs and frozen fowl.

After her evening duty of milking cows, Leah looks forward to the 'parents hour' when parents spend time with their children in the children's houses. Both Moshe and Leah listen to the childish tales, play games together, sometimes swim in the kibbutz swimming pool and have some refreshment before it is time for the children to be tucked in. The parents personally do this before they bid the children goodnight.

Moshe and Leah then return to their own cosy home, and listen to some music while Leah goes through her stamp collection in several albums, and tries to 'catch up' with her correspondence to people around the world, (they were planning a trip to Europe soon where Leah hoped to meet several of her penfriends) Then they have coffee and cake before they finally retire.

We returned the same evening to Jerusalem by bus. People in the kibbutz are carefree, secure, gentle and happy. The kibbutz motto is "to each according to his needs from each according to his ability". The serenity and warmth of kibbutz living so enchanted us, that we looked for every opportunity to visit a kibbutz in any part of Israel.



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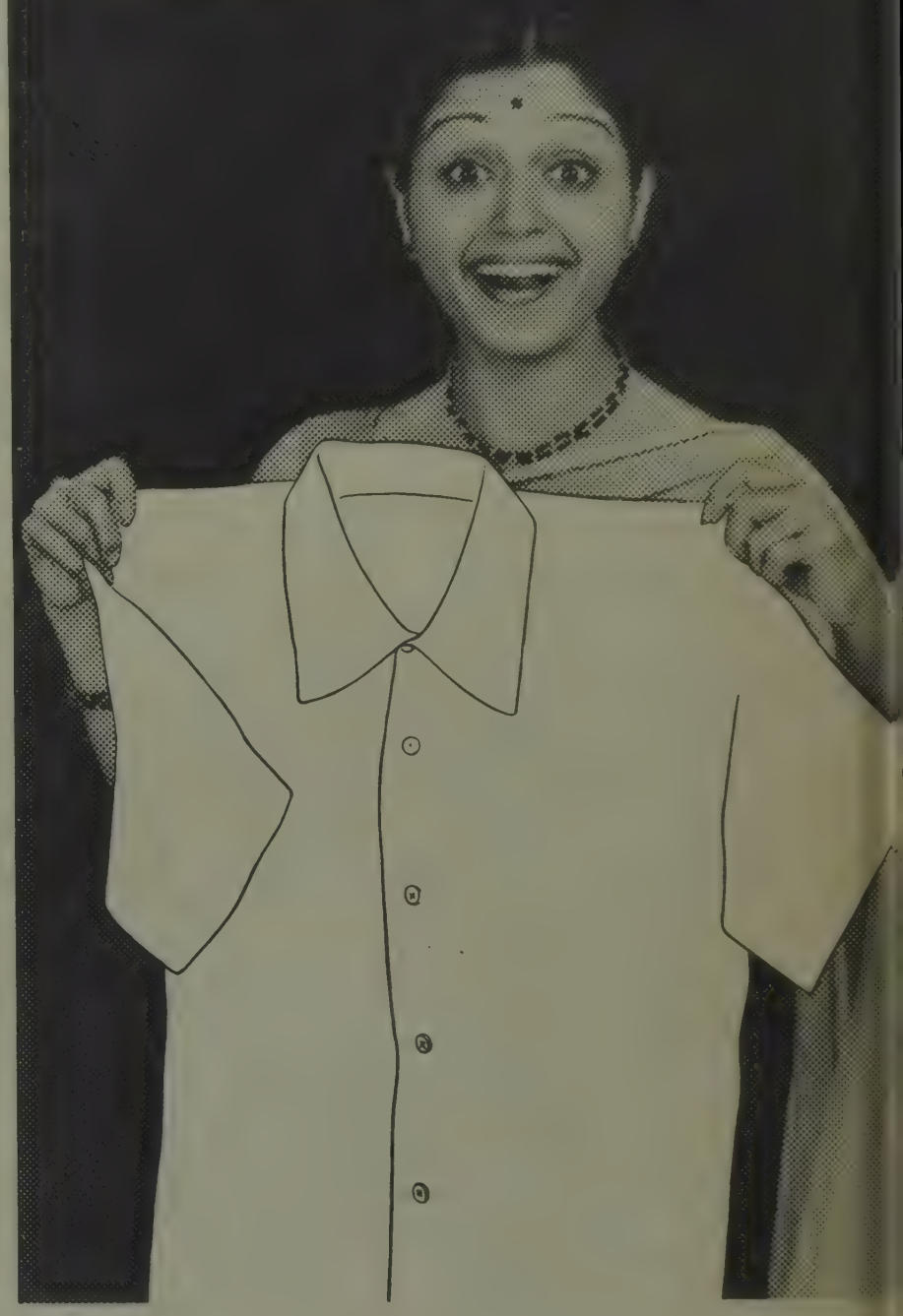

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Shilpi SG-2A/78

EVE TODAY

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

MAJOR-GENERAL
P. K. LAKSHMIKUTTY

DIRECTOR OF NURSING SERVICES

Usha John

It is refreshing to meet a friendly, unaffected woman like Major General (Miss) P. K. Lakshmikutty, the new Director of Nursing Services. Though petite, slim and soft-spoken her life has been and continues to be full of responsible duties which she carries out with efficient zeal. Belonging as she does to the humanitarian profession of nursing, dedication to her work has been a guiding principle, and all along the thirty-three years of her service she has endeavoured to practise it in word and deed.

Maj. Gen. Lakshmikutty was train- at the Stanly Medical College, Madras, and was commissioned in the Military Nursing Service as a Lieutenant on 21 January 1945. Since then. she has worked in various capacities in technical and administrative appointments in different Defence hospitals.

In May 1975, Miss Lakshmikutty was posted to Headquarters, Western Command, Simla, as Command Principal Matron in the rank of Colonel and transferred to Headquarters. Southern Command, Pune, in October 1976 on promotion as Deputy Director, Military Nursing Service, in the rank of Brigadier.

She took over as Director, Military Nursing Services, in the rank of Major General, the highest rank in the Military Nursing Service on 1 January 1979. Her job mainly deals with over-hauling the five Commands, improving the terms and conditions of the nursing services as well as improving the care of the patients in the military hospitals. She makes policy decisions regarding all these matters. As the Director of Nursing Services, she periodically visits all the military hospitals and sees to the welfare of the nursing officers. She is the technical adviser in matters concerning nursing officers and care of the patients and nursing patients in the hospitals. She is a member of Indian Nursing Associations like the Red Cross Society and other technical units concerning nurses and renders advice to these organisations.

During an exclusive interview with this writer, Maj. Gen. Lakshmikutty said that though she has derived great satisfaction from caring for the wounded officers and soldiers who were bravely fighting for the country and in serving the sick in military hospitals she is now getting used to being involved with administrative work. Her new job brings with it new and additional responsibilities which she carries out to the best of her ability.

While commenting on the working conditions of the Nursing Officers belonging to the Military Nursing Service (MNS), she remarked, "Our Nursing Officers have a higher standard of living than the nurses who work in civil hospitals. They enjoy a good status — they are commissioned officers and can socialise with officers — whereas nurses in civil hospitals are the non-gazetted officers."

There has been a considerable enhancement in the Military Nursing Service Officers' economic position — an increase in actual income and improved services.

The messes are well run and the Nursing Officers' quarters are fully furnished. An MNS Officer's salary is in the scale of Rs. 650-20-810 with all the allowances admissible to Central Government employees. For her accommodation only two per cent of her salary is deducted as rent. On reaching the rank of Major General she gets a salary of Rs. 2000 per month.

Looking back on her long service in military hospitals, Maj. Gen. Lakshmikutty stated: "All the military hospitals are doing wonderful work. In these hospitals all the Medical Officers, Nursing Officers and paramedical staff, cooperate and maintain a high standard of discipline."

Maj. Gen. Lakshmikutty, who has travelled extensively in India, has a long and varied experience of nursing in military hospitals. During the Chinese aggression in 1962, she worked tirelessly in field hospitals. Her experience as an operation theatre nurse came in very useful at that time. She feels that nurses can be more helpful in field hospitals than in the battlefield itself. All the war wounded are given first aid by the para-medical personnel before they are put in helicopters and brought to the field hospitals. "After the doctors and surgeons have attended to their injuries the nurses' work begins."

Tending the war wounded, in her opinion, calls for great understanding and sympathy, for these soldiers and officers are far away from their homes and loved ones. And so a nurse has to be a nurse, friend, mother and sister to them. For Maj. Gen. Lakshmikutty, serving the war wounded was a pleasure and an honour. ment. During war time nurses do not think of duty hours. We are on duty for twenty-four hours. At that time I never felt tired or felt like complaining."

Each patient must be treated as an individual. The nurses should know the patient's psychology and treat him accordingly. They should know his problems, never be indifferent to them. They should let a patient talk about his doubts and fears, so that he does not feel his worries are being disregarded.

Are nurses in Military hospitals overworked?

"Sometimes their duty hours can be tiring." Miss Lakshmikutty said, "but they do their duty willingly. Service with a smile is our motto. Our job satisfaction lies in seeing the condition of a patient improve. When he completely recovers we feel very happy."

Continued on page 55

DENIMS AND TOE RINGS

TIPS AND TOES

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TIPS AND TOES

BEAUTY BULLETIN

DRY HAIR

My hair is very dry, what should I do to improve its condition? Sometimes when I run out of shampoo I wash my hair with soap. Will this damage my hair?

E. V. (Bombay)

You should give your hair hot oil treatment weekly to add lusture to it. Warm a little olive oil, apply it all over the scalp and massage well. Then wrap a towel round your head, wrung out in hot water to enable the oil to penetrate into the scalp. When cold, replace with another towel. Do this for about 15 minutes. Finally shampoo hair.

Brushing hair will activate oil glands distributing natural oils. Have a well-balanced diet and include leafy green vegetables and butter in your diet.

Using soap to shampoo hair is not advisable. It is very alkaline and this can weaken hair. Healthy hair should maintain a slightly acid balance. Also it is difficult to remove soap from hair completely as it contains insoluble salts which make the hair dull and the scalp scruffy.

FOR LONGER LASHES

SPARSE LASHES

I have sparse and skimpy lashes. I use mascara to darken them. Any other remedy to make them appear thicker? Will sandalwood help in removing pimples?

S. B. (Pune)

The length and thickness of eyelashes are inherited factors. Make a habit of lubricating your lashes with castor oil daily. And if you don't remove mascara properly, it is bound to affect your lashes.

Here is a make-up tip for you. Before you apply mascara, powder your lashes to add thickness, and use two coats of mascara.

Sandalwood paste is effective in getting rid of pimples. Take a sandalwood block and make a paste by rubbing it in rose water. Apply this paste on the face before you retire. It will dry up pimples as well as remove ugly marks.

FOR FLAT TUMMY

I am 22. My problem is that my tummy has started protruding. Please suggest some exercises for this problem.

P. M. M. (Madras)

Here are two exercises to flatten tummy.

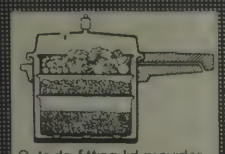
1. Lie flat on your back, arms extended overhead. Swing arms forward and sit up bending your knee to your chest, keep toes off the floor and pointed. Exhale as you sit up, inhale as you lie down.

2. Lie flat on your back, legs straight and together, toes pointed. Keep your arms alongside your body with palms facing the floor. Lift your right leg straight up, hold for a count of six. Lower leg slowly to the floor. Repeat with the other leg.

Do 15 times with each leg.

You should watch your diet too. Avoid over-eating and fattening foods that add weight. Exercises combined with dieting will help solve your problem.

8 reasons why...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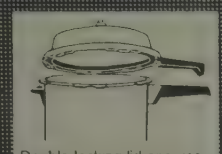
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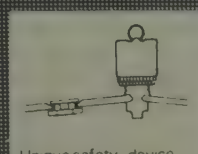
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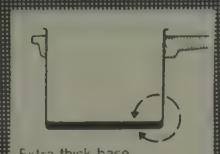
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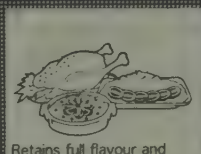
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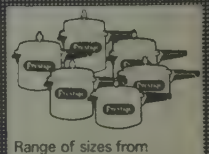
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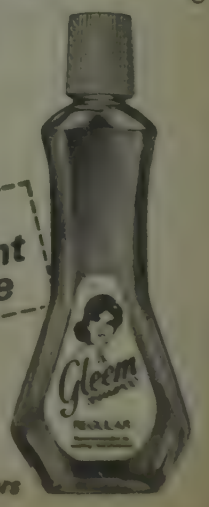

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POLLUTION A SLOW POISON

Vrunda Moghe Dev

OUR FACTORIES AND TRAFFIC ARE SLOWLY POISONING AIR, LAND AND WATER AND THIS BEAUTIFUL PLANET MAY SOON BECOME THE GRAVE OF MANKIND

"The four 'ps'," someone remarked, "pills, pesticides, psychedelics and pollution, spell poison to mankind." The trouble began when man started approaching Nature with arrogance and not humility. Most of the environmental disasters that we hear of today are man-made.

Resistance against destruction of good environment started in the West a few years ago, but we have been retarded enough to neglect the consequences of such arrogant development and such a blatant rape of natural resources. So much so that the disastrous consequences of thoughtless industrial growth have reached menacing proportions. An indicator to this is a report of a study conducted by the United Nations Environment Programme (UNEF) which says that an estimated "35,000 infants under the age of five die everyday due to environmental diseases in the world". If this is not alarming enough, what else can be?

Environmental pollution is not only dangerous to human life, or any kind of life for that matter, but it does not spare even buildings. The results, in the long run, would mean changing completely the face of this earth into a mass of black matter unfit for human survival. Atmospheric pollution in Agra for example, will not only endanger public health there but even the immortal Taj Mahal will be a victim of what is called "stone cancer". The Taj is not the only monument that is thus threatened. Down South, the ancient temple of Chennakeshava in Belur is the next monument threatened by pollution caused by a plywood factory. The sculptures and idols there are made of soft soap stone and the effect has been immediately noticeable.

It is said that the effect of this pollution has been seen even among the residents who bathe in the nearby river. They showed signs of skin disease which was attributable to pollution alone.

While on the subject of water pollution, some disturbing facts have been disclosed about the Thana creek which had provided a major source of fishing for the many villages around it. "Out of every ten fish in the Thana creek, four are dead, the rest are unfit for consumption. . ." due to the heavy chemical residue emitted by a thermal power station and the petro-chemical industries that have mushroomed there. Consumption of this type of fish is reported to have caused minemata, "a disease which develops among children caus-

Continued on page 33

Photo Courtesy: Bombay Civic Trust

FASHION OF THE MONTH

WIN-A-WARDROBE!

This is the fifth of 12 fashion features which will enable you to Win-A-Wardrobe from Delhi's exclusive boutique SOPHISTICATION. This unique scheme was announced in Eve's Weekly issues dated December 3, 1978 and January 13, 1979.

Summer collection in cotton sarees to keep you cool and comfortable during the day. And for the late evenings are the chiffons in beguiling prints and colour combinations.

You may be the lucky winner of these fabulous range of outfits. All you have to do is to clip and keep the coupons published every month along with the feature. A minimum of ten coupons, collected out of serial Nos. 1-12, will entitle you to participate in the lucky draw.

Photographs : Aditya Patnakar

Eve's Weekly / sophistication boutique

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1, Prizes are in the form of readymade garments. 1st Prize Rs. 10,000; 2nd Prize Rs. 5000; 3rd Prize Rs. 3000; PLUS ten Consolation Prizes Rs. 200 each.

2. Grand Fashion Show will be held by Sophistication/Eve's Weekly, around March, 1980. The three winners will be invited. They will be given return Railway Fare plus Rs. 200 for expenses.

3. A minimum of 10 coupons, out of coupons numbered 1—12 must be sent, in one lot, latest by **January 25, 1980,** after the publication of the 12th feature in December, to The Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

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Get, for your family's hair-care, the economical, protein-rich nourishment of New Palmolive Egg Shampoo.

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Hindustan Sanitaryware come in exciting colours. Soma Metal Fittings with international precision. Assures no-leak, no-drip service.
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POLLUTION : A SLOW POISON

Continued from page 29

ing deformation, twisting of limbs etc. and ultimately resulting in death.

Though there is a Central Board for Prevention & Control of Water Pollution, having a comprehensive set of rules and guidelines to prevent the industrial pollutants from affecting public health, what has ultimately come to stay is the increasing danger from such polluted water everywhere.

Recently, in Kenya, plague was detected and was brought under control in no time. The same could not be said of the Bombay Municipal Corporation. The last two years witnessed heavy casualties due to jaundice (hepatitis) caused by pollution of drinking water at the source itself. The blame was squarely put on damaged and old pipelines, but the death toll which ran into more than two hundred (reported deaths) was not alarming enough for the Corporation to take any corrective action. Instead, there were glaring hoardings of "boil your drinking water", etc. and this message was repeated on radio, TV and every medium available. And though jaundice has not yet vanished, malaria, and even typhoid, have already attacked Bombay.

Much has been said about noise pollution but no constructive steps have been taken to curb it. The effects of this pollution are slow but permanent. It is said that a city dweller, due to the tremendous noise pollution, loses about 15 to 20 per cent of his hearing power as against a village dweller. Abnormal growths in the ear, like mastoid trouble, etc. are said to affect those who work with noisy machinery or live in a noise-polluted area. In England, a survey revealed that as a result of noise pollution in the cities, the sexual life of youngsters was being adversely affected, so much so that sex is no more predominant in their lives. Thus pollution is hitting at the very basics of human behaviour i.e. the biological instincts of man.

The Government of India has laid down something called "permissible limits" of air pollution. But despite public protests and debates in Parliament, the government has till date remained the greatest culprit in its contribution towards atmospheric pollution. The fertiliser complex owned by the government in Chembur (which incidentally, houses more than 1/10ths of the city's population) has caused untold miseries to the residents of the area. The suburb is thus aptly called the **gas chamber of Bombay.** The main victim of this pollution is the human lung. The majority of the residents suffer from bronchial ailments and a persistent cough comparable to a smoker's cough. **Moreover, this suburb "has among the world's highest rates of congenital deformities attributable to chemical pollution of the air. . . (fertiliser complex) has been placed here as if to underscore the Union government's apathy to public health and human life." (New Quest, Sept-Oct. 78)**

In the article entitled "Bombay: A City of Death", the writer continues, **"In the Lalbaug and Parel areas of industrial central Bombay, the Bombay Gas Company belches out harmful effluents in the air already full of carbon particles and cotton fibres contributed by the textile mills. The result is that a newborn infant in this area inherits a hazard to its sensitive lungs comparable to smoking thirty cigarettes a day.** To top all this, the Bhabha Atomic Research Centre's nuclear reactor has been pouring out nuclear waste into the sea while a large part of Bombay's population continues to eat radioactive fish, which also contains liberal amounts of mercury and other toxic elements."

Those who thought that the twin city of Vashi would be a good escape from Bombay, were in for a worse deal. There were a number of chemical factories already in the area, and to make the situation worse, the government granted permission for a thermal power station which carries harmful gaseous pollutants over a larger area. The result is that respiratory ailments and headaches are a common occurrence among the residents of New Bombay.

Apart from respiratory problems and headaches, air pollution is known to cause dizziness, vomitting, weakness, hypertension, tightness in the chest and inability to work.

Road traffic is considered to be one of the major sources of noise and air pollution. Carbon monoxide emitted by vehicles causes eye irritation and headaches. In India though there is a law to prevent vehicles from causing such harm, nobody seems to bother about it. In Singapore, vehicles found to emit carbon monoxide are not only kept off roads but drivers of such vehicles are fined heavily. In Greece too, such an offence is punishable by a prison term and a heavy fine.

The United Nations Environment Programme (UNEF) has set up the Environment Liaison Centre at Nairobi, Kenya, which acts as a co-ordinating body for non-governmental organisations undertaking the task of fighting for a cleaner environment. The Centre is mainly oriented towards educational programmes with the motto "Development without Destruction". At the international conference held at Tbilisi, USSR, the UNEP had emphasized the role of education in making the people aware of their rights to a clean environment. While many of the developing countries which face this problem of the necessity of growth and the danger to environment have adopted punitive measures to check environmental pollution, a lot needs to be done in India.

There has been a massive campaign in the country's large cities for keeping the cities green with plenty of vegetation to check pollution. Trees are indicators of the level of pollutants in the air and also help in reducing noise and air pollution. But at the rate at which cities like Bombay are encouraging expansion and the government is planning to expand the already existing "killer" fertiliser complex and also set up additional ones around Bombay, all the forests of the country combined together will not be able to check the spread of pollution.

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PERSONAL CHOICE

HAPPY HOSTESSING!

COOKING IS FUN WHEN IDEAS COMBINE TOGETHER IN THE PREPARATION OF DISHES. PUSHPA (RIGHT) AND LAJU VASWANI, BOTH COOKING ENTHUSIASTS, BELIEVE IN COMBINING THEIR TALENTS FOR A HAPPY HOSTESSING! A B.COM. STUDENT, PUSHPA SPECIALIZES IN SWEET PREPARATIONS AND DESIGNS HER OWN CLOTHES. LAJU, A B.Sc. STUDENT, ENJOYS BOTH CHINESE AND ITALIAN COOKING AND IS AN EXPERT HAIR DRESSER.

FRENCH CHARLOTTE

1 sponge cake
½ cup milk
1 small cup strawberry ice-cream

Photograp
Farokh Repor

FOR THE FILLING:

100 gram cream
1 small tin canned fruits
3 tbsps. icing sugar
50 grams cherries

Slice the sponge cake into finger strips. Lightly soak the pieces in ½ cup milk. Now rinse a high jelly mould and place the sponge fingers close to each other all around the mould, and the base. Beat the cream with icing sugar and mix it with canned fruits. Pour into the mould. Cover the top with cake crumbs and chill in the fridge for half an hour. Unmould in a dish. Decorate the charlotte with piped strawberry ice-cream and glazed cherries.

CANADIAN SAUSAGE HOLDER

½ kg. potatoes, boiled and mashed
250 grams cocktail sausages
2 onions, chopped
1 egg
1 tsp. salt
4 tbsps. butter
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. pepper
100 grams beans, diced and boiled
100 gram carrots, diced and boiled
100 grams peas, boiled
8 to 12 tooth picks
½ cup oil
2 hard boiled eggs

Fry the sausages in oil. Remove 8 to 10 sausages and keep them aside. Chop the rest of the sausages and after frying them lightly, mix with onions, salt and chopped boiled eggs.

Mash the potatoes, add salt, chilli powder, the raw egg and 2 tablespoons butter. Mix well. Make a round ball out of the mashed potatoes. Stuff the centre of the mash potatoes with the chopped mixture. Place on a greased dish. Bake for 20 minutes. Place the potato in the centre of a long dish. Pierce the tooth picks all over and then place the rest of the fried sausages on tooth picks round the potato ball. Garnish with boiled vegetables, mixed with salt, pepper and 2 tablespoons butter. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

FISH IN MEDITERRANEAN SAUCE

1 whole pomfret, slit on both sides
½ cup cheese, grated
1 cup vinegar

FOR THE FILLING :

1 cup prawns
1 onion
4 to 5 stalks celery
2 tbsps. tomato sauce
2 tbsps. oil

FOR THE SAUCE:

1 cup stock (chicken or vegetable)
1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
2 tbsps. flour
½ cup tomato sauce
2 tbsps. butter
Salt and pepper to taste

Marinate the pomfret in vinegar for 2 hours.

FOR THE FILLING:

Fry the onions in two tablespoon of oil. When brown, add the prawns, and fry well. Add tomato sauce and celery and salt to taste. Remove when the prawns are tender. Remove the pomfret from vinegar and stuff with the prawn mixture. Grease a baking dish. Place the pomfret in the centre, and pour the Mediterranean sauce over it. Sprinkle cheese and bake for 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

FOR THE SAUCE:

Melt butter in a pan. Add two tablespoon of the flour. Mix till light brown. Add tomato sauce, Worcestershire sauce and the stock gradually. Stir continuously to a void lump formation. Add salt and pepper. When thick remove from the fire and pour over the fish.

ATTENTION COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

For your requirements of fresh mushrooms, **SIMNIM FARMS** of New Delhi, will airfreight individual supply of mushrooms to any air terminal in India at subsidized rates given below :

2 kg pack Rs. 50/-
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WEEKLY WINNER

MRS. SUBRATA BAGCHI, New Delhi.

Mrs. Bagchi wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

FISH DHOKA KORMA

FOR THE DHOKAS :

500 grams fish (preferably Rohu, Surmai or Shingala)
1 medium sized onion, finely grated
3 cloves garlic, ground
½" piece ginger, ground
1¼ tsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. chilli powder
¼ tsp. sugar
Salt to taste
7 tsps. gram flour
60 ml oil

FOR THE KORMA:

25 ml oil
½ tsp. sugar
1 medium sized onion, finely grated
½" piece ginger, ground
4 cloves garlic, ground
½ tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. turmeric powder
2 tbsps. curd
2 large tomatoes, finely chopped
Salt to taste
2½ cups water
3 bay leaves
2 green chillis
3 green cardamoms, powdered
½" stick cinnamon, powdered

FOR THE DHOKA:

Clean and wash the fish. Smear with 1 tsp. turmeric powder and little salt. Keep aside for 15 minutes. Lightly fry the fish and steam for 3 minutes. Cool and remove the skin and bone. Mash the fish. Fry the onion until little brown, add ginger and garlic paste and fry till the onion is golden brown. Add ½ tsp. chilli powder, ¼ tsp. turmeric powder, sugar and salt. Then add the mashed fish, fry little and sprinkle little water over it. Now, gradually put the gram flour and mix it properly with the fish. Remove from the fire when the mixture leaves the sides of the pan.

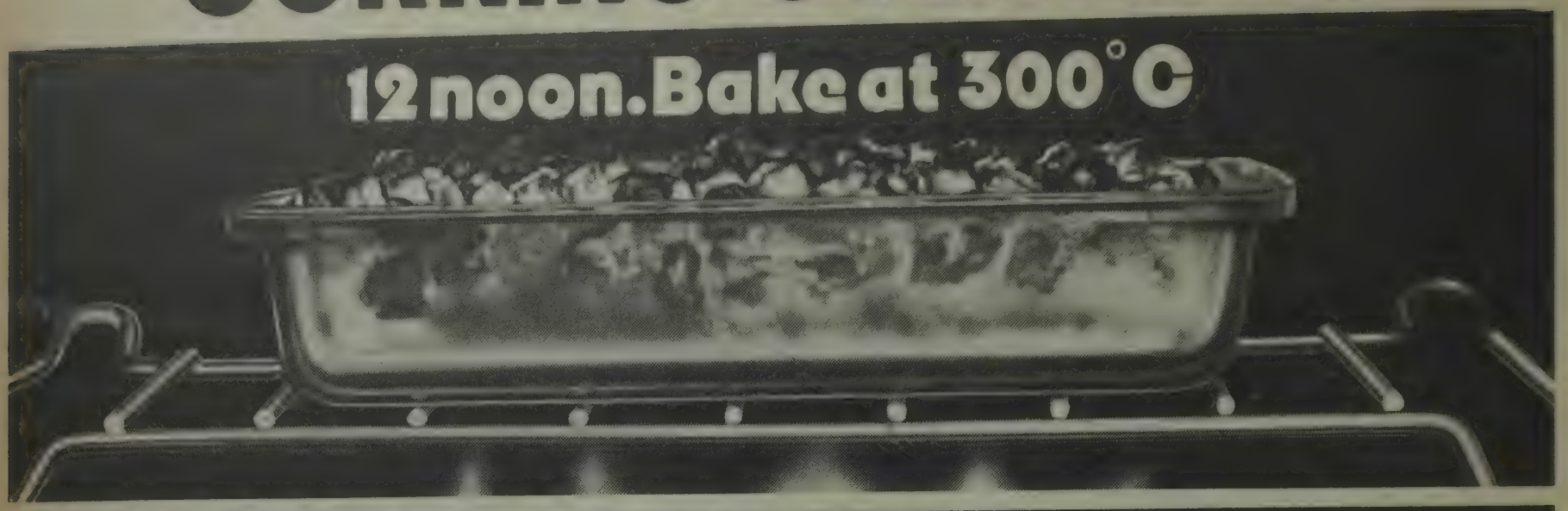
Take a greased dish, spread the mixture evenly. Cool and cut it into 1" x 1" pieces. Fry the pieces in little oil till brown. Do not deep fry the pieces.

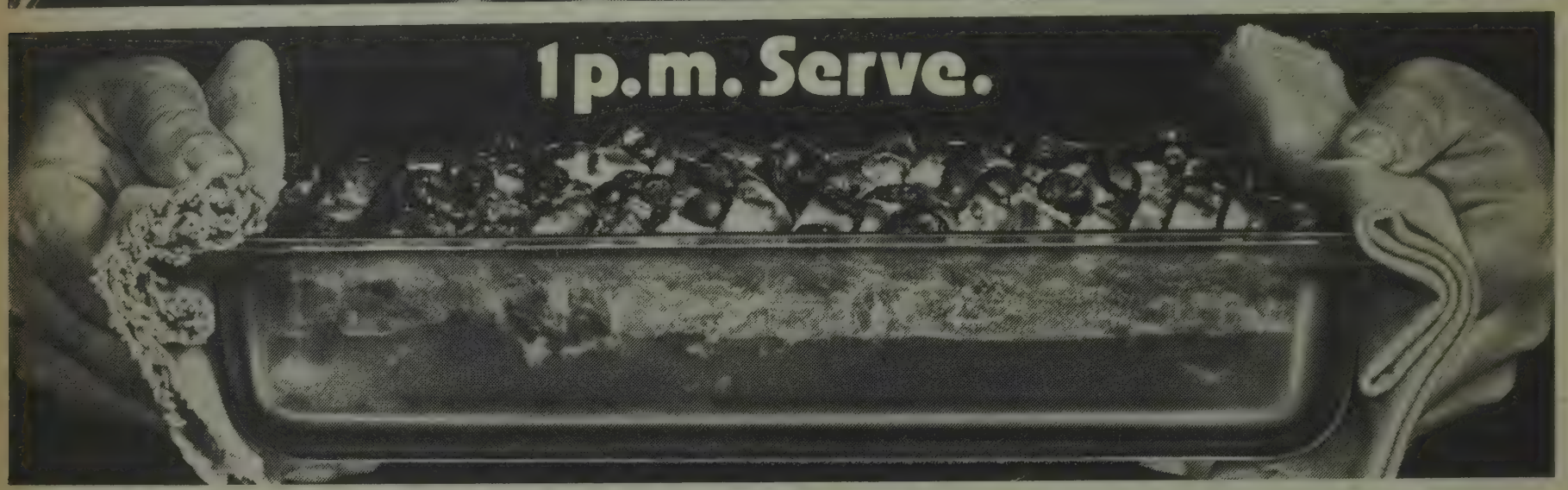
FOR THE KORMA:

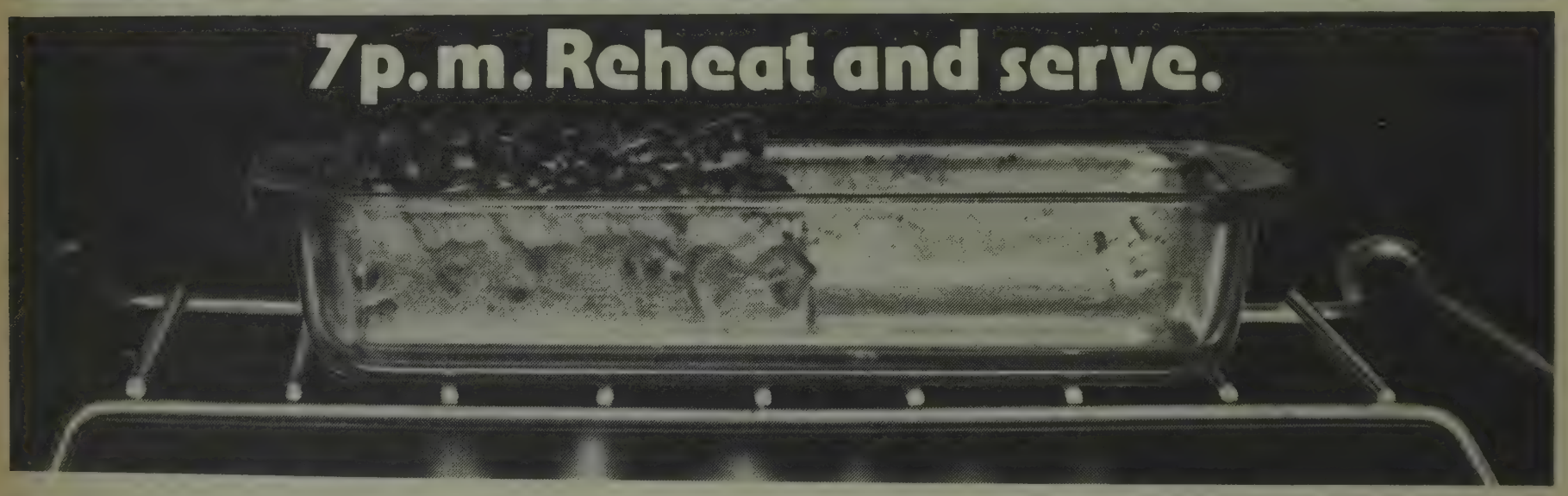
Heat oil in a dekchi, add sugar. When light brown add onion and lightly fry. Put ginger and garlic paste, fry lightly. Add chilli, turmeric powder, tomatoes, curd, salt and stir for a few minutes. Add 2½ cups of water, let it boil. Add green chillis and bay leaves.

When the gravy thickens, add the fried dhoka pieces. Cook for 4 minutes. Remove and sprinkle cinnamon and cardamom powder. Cover it for few minutes. Serve hot.

CORNING OVENWARE







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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Anju Khanna, Madras.

MUSHROOM MALAI KULFI

2 litre milk
½ cup almonds (optional)
½ cup mushrooms
¾ cup sugar
Almond essence
1 cup fresh cream (malai)

Rinse the mushrooms in cold water and slice them thinly. Boil them in water for few minutes and keep aside.

Blanch the almonds. Grind into a smooth powder. Keep aside. Boil the milk and keep stirring. Reduced to half its quantity. Add sugar. Mix well. Add almond powder. Keep stirring.

Add the mushrooms and cream, and lastly add the almond essence. Remove and cool. Pour this mixture in kulfi containers. Deep freeze for 8 to 10 hours.

Mrs. Priya Basu, Calcutta.

SHRIMP MUSHROOM CHILLA

150 grams button mushrooms
250 grams shrimps
3 onions
4 to 5 green chillis
½" piece ginger
1 large tomato
250 grams moong dal
50 grams gram flour

ROAST AND POUND :

1 tsp. coriander seeds
1 tsp. cummin seeds
2 to 3 red chillis
1 bunch coriander leaves
Salt to taste

Soak the dal overnight and grind coarsely. Wash, trim and chop the mushrooms very finely. Shell the shrimps and cut into small pieces. Chop onions, ginger, tomato, green chillis, coriander leaves finely. Put the ground dal, gram flour, roasted cummin seeds, coriander and red chilli in a bowl. Add water and make paste, but not very thick. Beat well till fluffy. Keep aside.

Heat little oil in a kerahi. Put the chopped onions and fry till golden. Add ginger, green chilli, salt, shrimps, mushrooms and cook for 3 to 4 minutes on low fire. Remove and cool.

Heat a tava. Smear 1 tsp. oil all over. Put ½ cup of mixture and make round shaped 7" to 8" diameter chilla (like dosa).

Sprinkle the cooked mushrooms, and shrimps, chopped coriander leaves, and tomato. Press all the ingredients well. Smear the top with oil and fry on low fire till the chilla turns light brown. Turn, the chilla carefully on tava and once again fry with a little oil till it turns brown. Remove the chilla. Repeat again with the rest of the dal mixture. Serve hot.

COOKERY QUEEN

FIFIE MENDONCA, Madras.

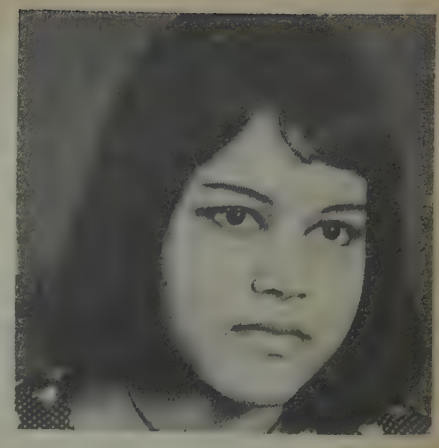
Mrs. Mendonca wins Rs. 100/- for this month's best recipe plus a 5.00 litre all stainless steel Kitchen-King Pressure Cooker from Asha Appliances, a non-stick coated Saucette from Trupti Industries, a cash prize of Rs. 101 from Weikfield and a 2 kg packet of fresh mushrooms from Simnim Farms, New Delhi.

MUSHROOM KOFTAS

1 dozen mushroom buds
2 cups raw mince
2 onions
1 tbsp. garam masala
3 eggs
6 to 7 garlic flakes
A small piece ginger
A small bunch of mint
Salt to taste
1 tbsp. cheese powder
3 to 4 green chillis
A little turmeric powder

Grind the mince along with the onions, green chillis, ginger, mint, garlic and the turmeric powder to a fine paste. Mix in the garam masala and one well beaten egg. Add salt to taste.

Cut off the stems of the mushrooms and wet them a little. Sprinkle a little salt and pepper powder on them. Lightly roll the mushrooms in cheese powder and keep them aside. Now divide the mince paste into twelve equal portions. Coat each mushroom carefully with the mince paste. Beat up the two remaining eggs well. Dip the mushroom koftas in the beaten eggs and deep fry to a golden brown. Serve these mushroom koftas hot with parathas.



Miss Alka Pattanayak, Jamshedpur.

MUSHROOM ROAST

500 grams mushrooms
2 onions
4 green chillis
1 pod garlic
1 tbsp. mustard seeds
2 tbsps. mustard oil
2 tbsps. curd
½ tsp. turmeric powder
Salt to taste
Banana leaf

Clean the mushrooms and keep aside. Grind to a paste the two green chillis, the mustard seeds and half of the garlic. Chop finely the other half of the garlic, the onions and 2 green chillis. Mix well the mushrooms with the ground paste, the chopped ingredients, the mustard oil, the curd, the turmeric powder and the salt. Wrap the whole thing in 4—5 folds of banana leaf and tie it into a neat packet. Make a small fire and place the packet in it and leave it till 2—3 folds of the wrap has burnt. Unwrap the banana leaf and serve.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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SAVING CHILDREN WITH YOUR BLOOD

Continued from page 13

sequence. Nevertheless, in spite of his care he has had transfused into him hundreds of pints of whole blood. On one occasion, for instance, bleeding began quite unaccountably in his stomach and he received transfusion of 24 pints of blood before it stopped. He has bled in the kidneys, the eyes, the nose and for years he has been through the purgatory that most haemophiliacs have to endure, bleedings in the joints which, when it occurs frequently, can cripple the sufferer.

You can see the results when Manoj is on his feet. He has a limp and walking is not too easy.

For the most part in the past, medical advisers have countered bleeding crises through the transfusion of whole blood. In fact, that was all a haemophiliac could resort to until, a couple of years ago, research into the clotting factors enabled the preparation of cryoprecipitate from whole blood.

Haemophilia A, the most common hereditary bleeding disorder among children, is due to a lack of the anti-haemophilic factor. This factor is now available in concentrated form either as A.H.F. or as cryoprecipitate prepared from fresh, specially collected plasma. The use of this material has made an enormous difference to sufferers from haemophilia, who are now able to lead a much more normal life than was previously the case. Even major surgery can be safely undertaken on these patients under the protective cover of A.H.F. infusions. All this, as can be seen, depends on the availability of adequate quantities of blood.

BURNS

A three-year-old girl watching her brother light fire-crackers on Divali attempted to imitate him. She also picked up a candle to light one. The noise made her jump, dropping the candle on her dress and setting it alight. Her mother, who was in the kitchen heard her screams and rushing outside, found the child struggling, with her clothes ablaze. Quickly she smothered the flames by wrapping her shawl around the little girl, but by this time one third of her body was severely burned.

They rushed her to the hospital and 20 minutes later the doctors had set up a plasma transfusion. It was not until two days later that the girl was out of danger from shock and all through the 48 hours the transfusion of plasma was kept going.

She required four bottles of plasma, which was obtained from blood donated by eight donors, in the two days. And she had to be given a further three bottles of blood when skin grafting had to be done a fortnight later. It took three months for the child to get healed. Scars and contractures still remain and surgery to correct these will require still more blood.

SOME OF THE REASONS PUT FORWARD FOR NOT DONATING BLOOD.

1. "No one had ever asked me to donate blood."

Consider yourself invited. Blood comes only from people. It can't be manufactured. Your gift could mean life for a sick child, an accident victim or an elderly person facing surgery.

2. "Frankly, I'm scared of giving blood."

Nearly everyone feels that way the first time. Donating blood has become a habit with many people. Some have given even upto 200 times!

3. "I already gave this year."

Many donors give three or four times a year.

4. "Other people must be giving enough blood."

The demand for blood and blood products is constantly increasing. The needs of patients must be met by more donors.

5. "I don't have any blood to spare."

The average adult has about 10 to 12 pints of blood in his body. Doctors say that healthy persons may give regularly.

6. "I'm too young."

You can become a blood donor when you reach 18.

7. "My blood isn't the right type."

Every type is the right type. Even rare types are needed all the time.

8. "They wouldn't want my blood because of the illness I've had."

If you have some doubts, check with your physician. However, the staff on duty will review your medical history before you make your donation.

9. "I was pressured to give blood before. but I'm not going to donate again."

Some recruiters, keenly aware of the need for blood, may be a little aggressive.

10. "My blood isn't rich enough"

A sample of your blood is checked before you donate.

11. "They'll take too much and I'll feel weak."

Half a pint is all that's taken.

12. "I'm afraid of being turned down."

You may be medically deferred for a variety of reasons. If you are temporarily deferred, come back later and try again.

13. "It's too inconvenient to donate blood."

Blood banks make donation as convenient as possible. Make an appointment for the time and place that's easiest for you. Donating takes less than 10 minutes, the entire visit about an hour.

14. "I'm too busy."

If you stop to think of all the good your donating blood can do, we believe you might decide you aren't so busy after all.

PAPER PATTERN 7-b

Sheroo Cooper

COOPER'S TAILORING AND CUTTING ACADEMY

MIX AND MATCH ENSEMBLES

Salwar Kameez

Measurements:

(FOR THE SALWAR)

Length = 108 cm. Waist = 90 cm (loose)

Seat = 99 cm. Leg band (pacha) = 56 cm.

See the pull out in this issue for the actual size paper pattern and instructions for the salwar. The paper pattern for the kameez was published in the Eve's Weekly issue dated April 28, 1979.

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It Flexes...
and
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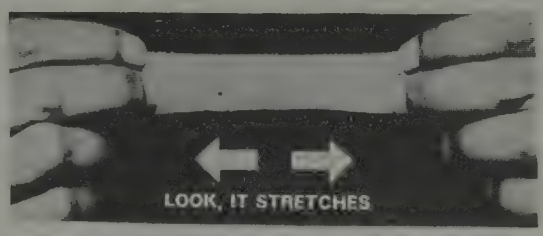

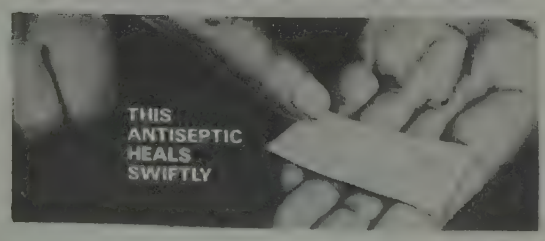

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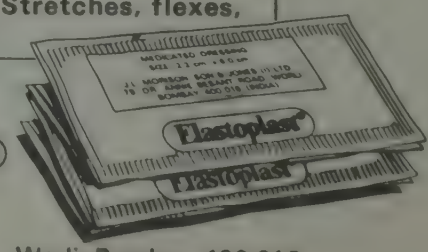

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IN A LIGHTER VEIN

COW PROTECTION: some stray thoughts

K. V. Chacko

A TONGUE-IN-CHEEK APPRAISAL OF THE PROBLEMS INVOLVED IN IMPLEMENTING THE DECISION TO BAN COW SLAUGHTER

The news that stray cattle did not allow the cow-protectionists' plane to land at Nagpur made me laugh in those grim days when everybody was concerned more about saving the "Baba" than the cow herself. But one wonders how much public and private money must have been spent in the efforts to appease the Paunar Baba! A few lakhs, one guesses, of which a considerable portion must've been from the public money collected from tax-payers. Was it justified? This spending of public money in order to appease the Baba?

Remember the special planes from Delhi and Bombay to Nagpur and other items of expenditure? Under what clause of the Constitution or under which Act of Parliament, Ministers and others spent lakhs just to visit Paunar in order to appeal to the **bhoodan** leader? Would similar V.I.P. appeals with such heavy expenditure be made in case this humble tax-payer threatens to go on a fast for the implementation of a more relevant and urgent clause in the Constitution? In the scheme of our democracy, are some persons more important than others?

I suppose the huge expenditure incurred for the appeasement of the **bhoodan** leader could have been more fruitfully utilized in other fields. Even a few thousands of cows could have been better looked after and fed with the money. That would have been a better way of protecting cows!

Suppose the beef-eaters are agreeable to give up their traditional food habits, just to please the Baba. Would he and the Government come forward to help the beef-eaters get other meats and fish at cheaper prices? Now mutton sells up to Rs. 15 per kg. If the Government and the Baba bring down the mutton price to a reasonable Rs. 5 a k.g. I think there will be many converts from beef to mutton. This is a positive and reasonable step, which needs the consideration of all.

Now that it is proposed to ban slaughter of all cows, irrespective of their usefulness and age, the country is surely going to be stray-cattle infested. The nuisance value of stray, unwanted cattle cannot be realized by those who sit in ashrams and preach. The farmers and motorists will be the worst affected. Therefore, it is imperative that the proposed total ban should have provision for the protection of the farmers and motorists from the stray cattle menace.

Also, it is a violation of individual rights to force the poor farmers and others to feed and take care of the useless cattle. People cannot be compelled to spend their resources and energies on cow-protection just to please a venerable old man and his followers. Therefore, the question arises as to who should bear the burden of the unwanted cattle. I think it would be a mockery of our secular and democratic avowals if the Government were to set up **gosalas** at the cost of the exchequer in order to appease the sentiments of a section of the population.

There are more crying avenues where public money has to be expended. And so the question comes to this: Will the protagonists of the cow undertake the task of feeding and caring for the unwanted cattle? They have to, in all fairness, and it is a moral duty on their part. They cannot afford to be complacent if the unwilling farmer is required to keep his useless cow at his own expense. Therefore, the proposed cow-protection measures should entrust the task of the upkeeping of the unwanted cattle to the cow-protectionists at their own expense.

Further, the owners of unwanted cattle should be properly compensated by the protectionists. They should purchase the useless cows at the rates the butchers would have offered.

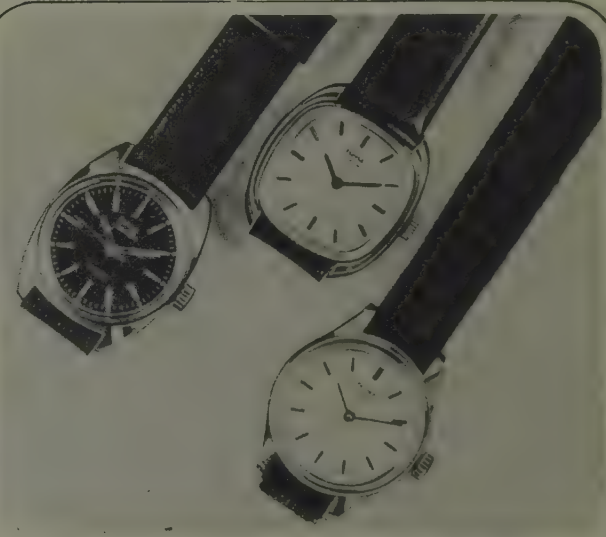
And what about those thousands of butchers who will be unemployed when cow-slaughter is completely banned? It will be the moral duty of the protectionists to provide alternate employment to all those who will be out of jobs to satisfy their conscience. It would be unjust to ask the entire country and Government to look after the unemployed butchers.

And what about the buffalo? As hinted by a prominent editor, there seems to be some racial discrimination between the cow and the buffalo! The black-coloured buffalo so far has not elicited any sympathy from any Baba. In fact, two-thirds of the milk and dung used in the country are received from buffaloes. Buffalo milk is more nutritious and tasty (who would like a cup of tea made with cow's milk?). And you ask any farmer as to which is better — cow-dung or buffalo dung. And to cap these economic arguments there is a religious point also about the buffalo! After all, Lord Yama has not yet switched over to a jet plane from his humble vehicle!

The above observations have been made partly in a lighter vein and partly to make all concerned with the issue aware of the various aspects of the problem.

Photograph : Sanil

For a time she w
always remem
a time she will ne
forget!



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TIMEKEEPERS TO THE NATION

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

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BUT, DARLING - IT'S FOR SUCH A WORTHY CAUSE!
10-3

"Can you tell me how to sculpt a camel?"

"Yeah. You take a block of granite and you chip away everything that doesn't look like a camel."

* * *

Gosh, those rock and roll bands. I was in a place once featuring a Rock group. I don't want to say how they sounded, but a waiter dropped a tray of dishes and nine couples got up to dance.

* * *

Father to five-year-old boy: "You know, son, the stork has been flying around our house lately and..."

"Gee, Dad," interrupted the lad, "I hope he doesn't frighten Mummy. She's pregnant, you know."

* * *

He was a vet and he had three tough cases. He had to treat a giraffe with a sore throat a centipede with fallen arches and an elephant with sinus trouble.

* * *

"Why are you so miserable? asked a friend as Arun

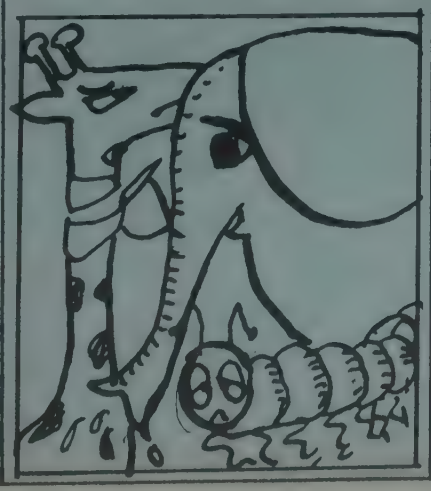
THAT'S A LAUGH!

sat in the booze-joint drowning his sorrows.

"I had a terrible row with my wife," replied Arun sadly, "and she vowed not to speak to me for a whole week."

"That's no reason to be miserable," said his friend. "You should be celebrating a thing like that."

"Oh no," said Arun with a



choked sob. "This happened last week... and today's the last day."

* * *

"I know an author who took ten years to write a book."

"That's nothing. I know a man just released from prison who took twenty years to finish a sentence."

* * *

"Look at me," boasted Iqbal "I'm a self-made man."

His friend nodded. "That's the trouble with cheap labour."

* * *

Customer: "I want a copy of the book 'Man, The Master of the House."

Clerk: "Just step to the other side of the store and try the fiction department."

* * *

A sadist is someone who puts a drawing-pin on an electric chair.

* * *

He: "Whisper those three little words that will make me walk on air."

She: "Go hang yourself."

* * *

Reports are just coming in about a woman photographer in Ahmedabad who committed suicide by drinking a bottle of varnish. She left a note saying she did it because she wanted a glossy finish.

* * *

"Help, help!" shouted the man in the sea. "I can't swim."

"So what?" shouted back a drunk from the shore. "I can't play the piano, but I'm not shouting about it."

* * *

"Do you like my new hair style?" cooed the trendy young girl to her somewhat conservative boy friend.

"Well," he said, "it reminds me of a beautiful Italian dish."

"An actress?" she inquired eagerly.

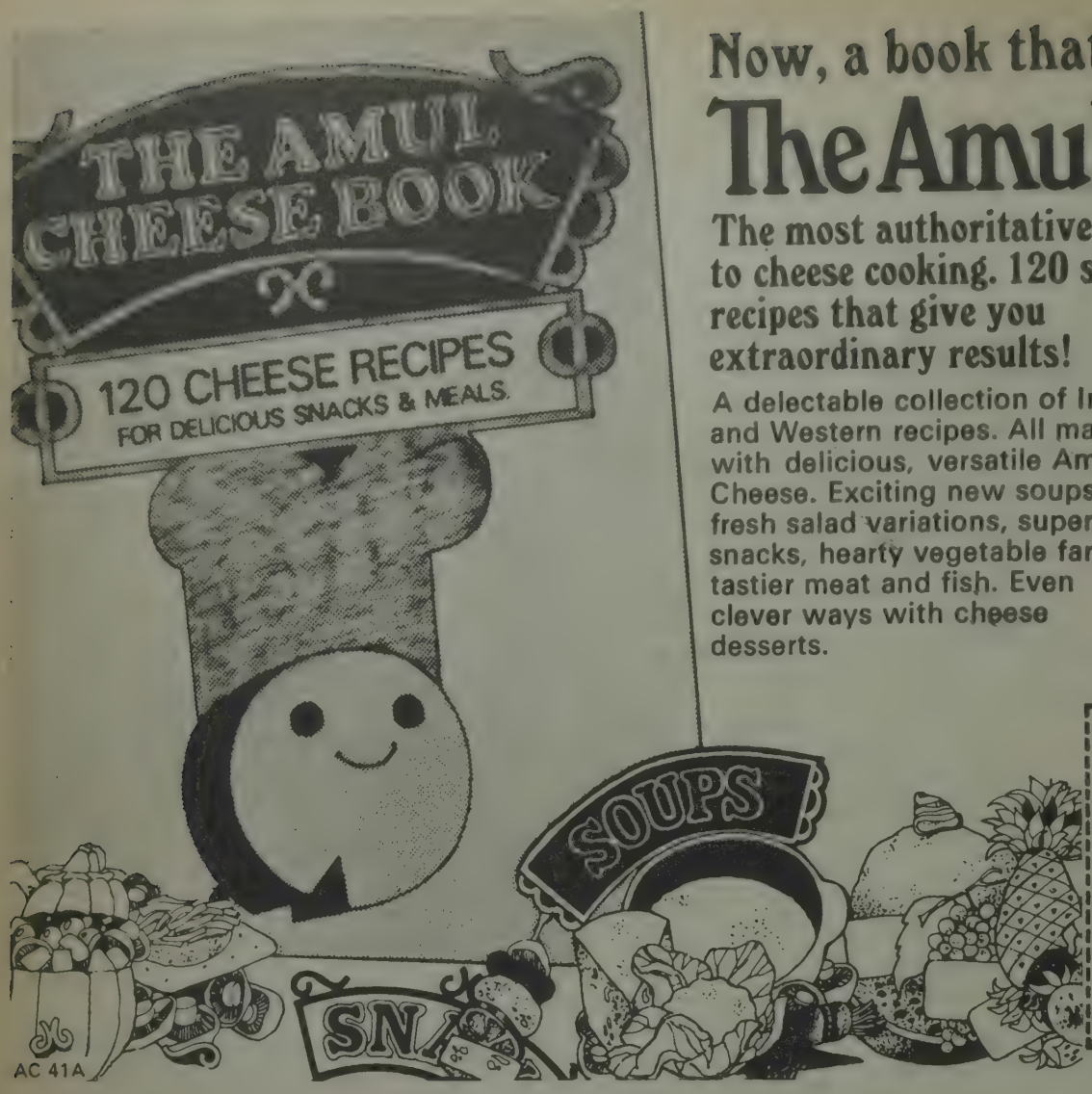
"No. Spaghetti."

* * *

"I didn't sing in the choir last Sunday for the first time in eight months."

"Oh, is that what it was? I thought they'd had the organ repaired."

Compiled by George Fegradoe.



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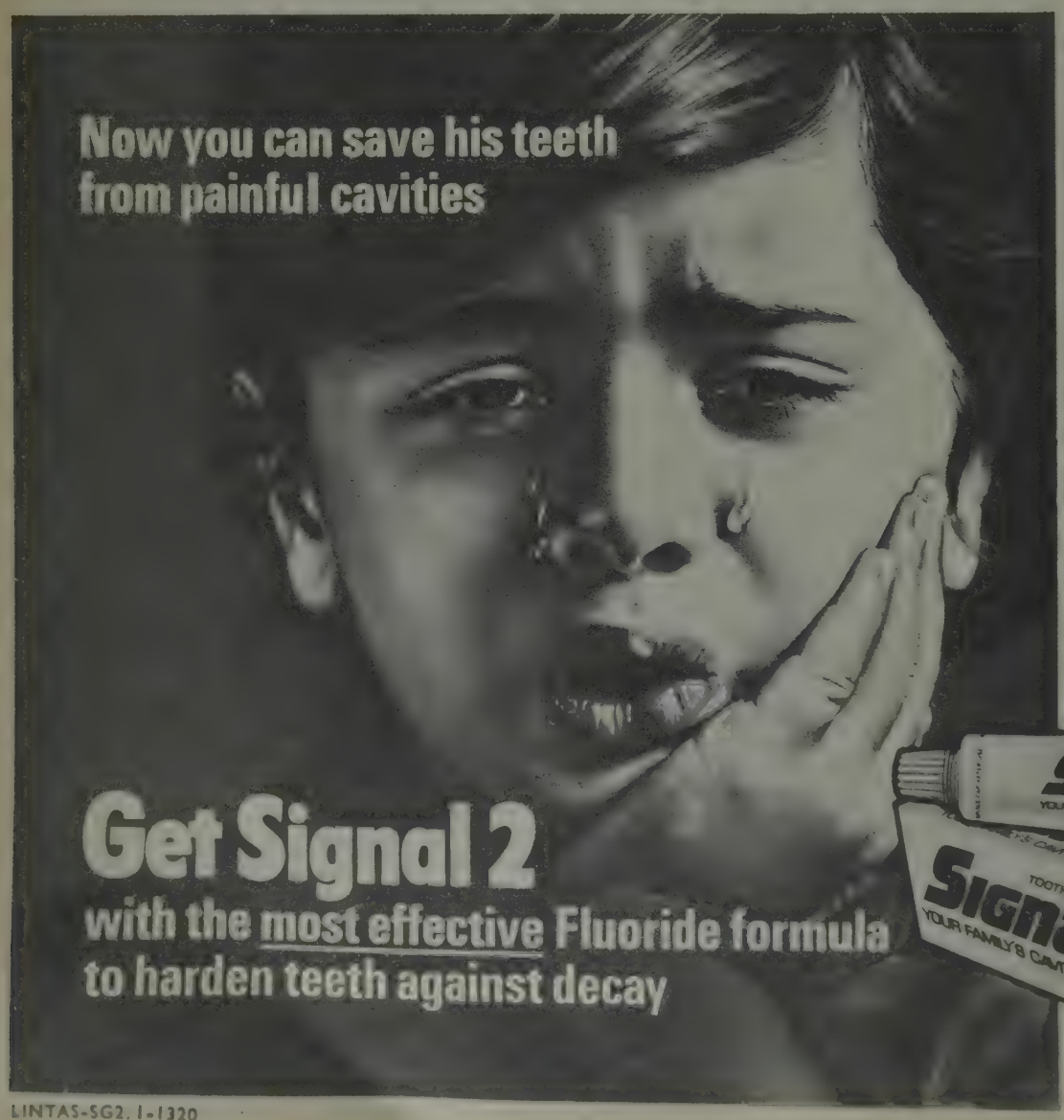
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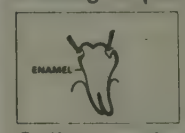

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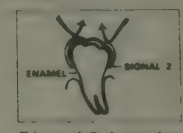

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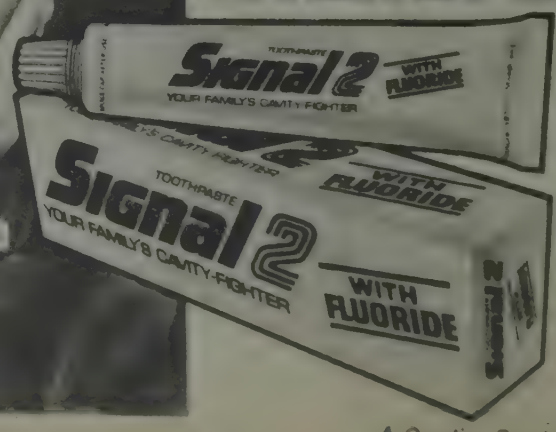

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ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Introducing women in the art world, whose work contributes significantly to contemporary Indian art.

MADHVI PAREKH

SELF-TAUGHT PAINTER

Madhvi Parekh is one of the ten Award winners at the 22nd National Exhibition of Art 1979, held in New Delhi by the Lalit Kala Akademi. Two things make this event a highly noteworthy one.

Firstly, Madhvi has never set foot in any art school, nor has she recieved any training in art whatsoever. Secondly the Selection and Judging Committee considered 1601 exhibits by 872 artists and chose 216 works by 182 artists for the exhibition. Of these 182 artists, ten were awarded prizes and Madhvi was one of them. This in itself is a testimonial to the quality of her art.

She has a fresh, unhindered approach with no inhibitions of the trained painter. Every stroke of her brush is carried on a wave of impulse and is a result not of deliberation or training but of instinct. It is a spontaneous creation of an unhampered mind.

Born in 1942, Madhvi spent her childhood at Sanjaya village in Gujarat. She had no urge to paint, but was irresistibly drawn to the Swami Narayana Temple in the village. What enthralled her were the bright paintings on the temple walls depicting scenes from the **Ramayan.** Festivals brought with them a riot of colour that impressed itself on the young mind.

Her mind absorbed the quaint scenes, the colour and gaiety, but the impressions remained dormant till they burst forth on her canvas much later.

After finishing school at sixteen, Madhvi got married to Manu Parekh — a brilliant and most promising painter — and this proved to be the turning point in her life. She was plunged into an atmosphere of art and colour and was constantly in the midst of paintings and painters. She did a short course in Montessori training and the vivid, unrestrained colouring of small children, the bright streaks of crayons revived her passion for colours. She felt an overwhelming desire to paint.

She told her husband about it and he laid down two guidelines that have influenced her ever since. He said, "Firstly whatever you do, put your heart and soul into it, and secondly never leave anything unfinished." He then advised her to fill the canvas with geometric patterns and dots. This was all she received in the form of training and tutoring. The rest was all her own effort.

She soon tired of the geometric exercises and to relieve her boredom she began to draw animals in between the triangles and squares. After that her art began to develop of its own accord.

In 1968, Manu, Madhvi and two other painters held a group exhibition in Calcutta. From this exhibition one of Madhvi's paintings was chosen for the annual show of Lalit Kala Akademi and later purchased by them.

Initially her medium was just ink, but she soon went on to oil colours. Her paintings are all predominantly of animals in a happy stance, and village scenes — fields, people in the village, old men at the hookah and drawings on the walls of huts. Her animals take up human postures. The birds dance like men and a snake plays the flute.

Her achievements began to build up and she took part in the Pictorial Space — Lalit Kala Akademi (1977), 3rd Triennale India (1974). She was featured in "New Contemporaries" sponsored by "Marg" Publications, had joint shows in Bombay and New Delhi with Manu Parekh and solo shows in Calcutta, Bombay and New Delhi. She participated in the Graphic Workshop, Baroda and the Kasauli Art Camp 1976. Her paintings were also selected for The International Women's Exhibition held at President House in 1975. At this exhibition her painting the "Village Opera" acquired a Certificate of Merit.

Art camps, she feels, are an ideal method for fostering art. It is more or less like a prolonged picnic as a big group of artists with their families go to the camp for about two months. The trip is sponsored by the State Government and both children and adults have a profitable summer vacation exchanging ideas and discovering themselves.

Now painting has become a part of her daily life along with cooking, washing and looking after the children. Her gay paintings have enchantingly rural and animal titles like "Festival", "King of the Sea", "Sea Opera", "Journey to the Temple", "Dancing Bull and Friends". Some of her works adorn the National Gallery of Modern Art, New Delhi, Lalit Kala Akademi, Air India, Rade Museum, Hamburg, and many private collections in India and abroad.

At first she used a heavy black outline for her figures, but now with growing confidence she paints directly. Gulam Mohammed Sheik says of her "Sea Opera" that "the large dark forms play as protoganists in a shadow play against a multitude of forms from insects to humans" and, "in spite of discordant imagery there is an inner structural unity." Her art is neither folk art nor tribal. "Madhvi's work has constantly grown and changed without being submerged into mannerisms of modernity. And that is the unique quality of Madhvi's paintings.

"Snake in the Sea",, a painting in oil.

Another painting by Madhvi : "King of the Sea".

Malati Jaikumar

MIRROR

Breaking the Age Barrier

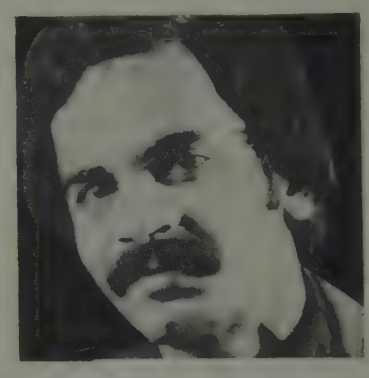
Grandpa—An easy-chair in the sunlit verandah, a flask of coffee and a copy of the Mirror—that is grandpa's idea of relaxation. He is poring over an article on the generation gap

Grandma—Her grandson has finally gone to sleep. So, it is time for a quick look at the Mirror for grandma. She is absorbed in the mystery of the Hope diamond, peering down memory lane at her own struggles to acquire her diamonds

The daughter-in-law—As a custodian of the health and well-being of her family, the daughter-in-law finds the 'Your health is our concern' column fascinating.

The son—A busy executive relaxes with the Mirror, noting the quotations at the end of the articles for his next Junior Chamber speech.

The younger daughter-in-law—She has literary aspirations. Mirror's regular column on "The writing of poetry" has put her on the right track.



The younger son—What does life have in store for him? Will he too achieve greatness like all the men and women he has been reading about in Mirror's 'How they became great' column?

The teenage son—His favourite hobby is pen pals and Mirror's "Pen Pals" column opens out new worlds to him.

The teenage daughter—She likes to impress her boy friends with the wealth of general knowledge that she gleans through the Mirror

The little son—He resents the Mirror The whole family is immersed in it and finds no time for him. But he does like the Ripley's, 'Believe it or not' page in Mirror

The little daughter—She can't wait to grow up to join the happy family of Mirror readers.

The Mirror is a complete family magazine—a good, clean, family magazine with no sex, sensationalism, politics, or cinema. There is something for every member of the family in the Mirror. Every issue has 110 pages of well-researched, informative, entertaining articles on a wide spectrum of subjects. The Mirror is a magazine which gives you value for money and is a must for every family.

Incentive

Photograph Haresh Daftary

MASTER RAJU

STARDOM IN CHILDHOOD: A MIXED BLESSING

Harmeet Kathuria

BECOMING A CHILD STAR HAS ITS HAZARDS, EVEN PENALTIES

Stardom at a very young age is a mixed blessing. It gives you all that goes with stardom at a young age and in return, takes away all that goes with childhood. Most child stars grow up without getting any worthwhile education and having missed all the care-free, responsibilities-free and harmless-fun days of the early years.

What's more, the career of the child stars is generally so brief that by the time the kid gets used to the luxuries, the attention and the glamour, he/she faces the awkward situation of fading out. The growing up years between childhood and adulthood are cruel because they suddenly call upon the child star to adjust to "normal" life — there just aren't any roles going for these "in betweens" in our Cinema.

It's easier for the girls. They mature much faster and their transition from one phase to another is comparatively smoother. Meena Kumari and Madhubala, for instance, were child stars and they went on to become leading ladies of the day. More recently, we had a nine-year-old Baby Sonia playing the pivotal role in "Do Kaliyan". Five years later, she had "adult-ed" to Neetu Singh and was prancing around the trees, singing songs with Randhir Kapoor and the likes of him. Neetu didn't really have any education to boast about and now that she's leaving films, she's feeling pretty relieved about it. For once, she's going to sit at home and lead a "normal" life. She looks so thrilled when she talks about her holidays abroad when she has to cook the food and wash the dishes herself!

Popularitywise, Daisy Irani easily takes the cake. She had a very successful phase as a child star and she used to play both the roles — that of a girl and also of a boy. She was a "star" in the real sense of the word and she used to have quite a "pull" of her own among the audiences. Till today, many cinegoers of the early sixties remember her fondly. She really was very cute. Today, she's Mrs. K. K. Shukla. Her younger sister, Honey Irani, also a cute child star of those days, is the wife of script-writer Javed and the proud mother of two.

BABY GEETA

Mehmood Junior was another very popular star. His name too used to be an added attraction in the star cast. Comedy was his forte and he has quite a few memorable films to his credit. But, as he reveals now, he had done many of those films on just "taxi money" (meaning nominal amount) and he thought he would earn the goodwill of the people in the process. At eighteen today, he has no education behind him, has minor ro-

Continued on page 51

THE TEN RICHEST

A HANDFUL OF LADIES WHO MANAGE TO SQUEAK BY WITH A MANSION OR THREE OR FOUR, A VAULT FULL OF BAUBLES, AND AN INCOME TO RIVAL CHASE BANK'S. HOW DO THEY DO IT, YOU WONDER . . AND WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO TRY?

Richard Baker

This whole business of totting up just who has how much is all so secret and furtive at best. Even when "Fortune" magazine, some two decades ago and after months of research, counted up one hundred and fifty-five Americans who had more than $50 million, they figured they had probably missed a good hundred or so. And a U.S. Treasury official estimated the magazine might have missed a full three hundred and fifty, which is to say they'd succeeded in tracking down little more than one in three.

And so if "Fortune" magazine, with its vast research facilities, and the Government, which is supposed to know EVERYTHING about EVERYBODY, can't tell who the wealthiest people in the nation are, how do you go about picking the ten richest women in the world? It's all educated guess-work, dear me, in which anyone's estimate might be right. Then again, it might be wrong.

My own personal appraisal is based on years of curiosity and observation, beginning when, as a lad, I was presented to Mrs. Grace Vanderbilt. And then I grew to man's estate and danced with Mrs. Harvey Firestone, and kissed Mrs. John Jacob Astor. I'm not boasting, you understand. I just want you to know that I'm not totally without credentials in this matter. That said, here is my informed, not to mention prejudiced, choice of the world's ten most reliably, notoriously, irrefragably rich women:

1) Queen Elizabeth II of Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and Her Other Realms and Territories, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith. 2) Queen Juliana of the Netherlands. 3) The Duchess of Alba, who everybody agrees, is the richest woman is Spain, but if Spain goes the way of Portugal, with tattered ex-millionaires fleeing along the highways and byways, all bets are off. 4) The Begum, widow of the Aga Khan and former mother-in-law of Rita Hayworth. 5) Christina Onassis Andreadis, step daughter of Jackie Bouvier Kennedy Onassis. 6) Madeleine Dassault, wife of France's richest tycoon, aircraft designer Marcel Dassault. 7) Imelda Marcos, wife of the sixth — and current — president of the Philippines.

In America, because of all this dodging and poor mouthing I've been talking about and the evil times on which the careers of heiresses have fallen, with nobody new willing to stop forward and take up the mantle, we are still stuck with the Bobbsey Twins of pre-war American heiressdom: so: 8) Doris Duke and 9) Barbara Hutton, although Barbara gave up her American citizenship for Danish and then Dominican Republican, and after seven husbands it's anybody's guess what she is now.

For last place you have kind of a blanket finish of rich American ladies, with Mellons and Rockefellers and duPonts and Fricks, but with the Morgans and Astors and Vanderbilts way down these days, poor things. So I say the nod goes to Dina Merrill for being sired by E. F. Hutton out of Marjorie Merriweather Post on top of exposing herself as a public entertainer. (I know Dina will not appreciate this honour, and point to her two half sisters, who are almost as rich, and say it's not fair. But fairness has nothing to do with my choice.)

That's it: a Briton, a Dutchwoman, a Spaniard, a Greek, a French woman, a pan Moslem, a Filipino, two Americans, and a mutant. Or split it another way: two queens; a widow, two wives, and six daughters. Or a further refinement: eight ladies who were born in the right bed and three ladies who chose the right bed to sleep in. That's my selection.

"OH, FIDDLEEDOO!" says Dina Merrill. "Oh, poo!"

Her eyes are gray-blue. Her hair is streaky blonde, drawn straight back and tied with a red and blue ribbon. She is very pretty. She is wearing red sandals, green slacks, a silk blouse in a red, green, and blue rainbow pattern, modest gold beads and earrings. She is eating fat-free boysenberry yogurt. We are sitting in a nondescript office on Manhattan's West Fifty-third street. The strong language is because she has just been told that Jewish holiday might not be the best time to open a play's out-of-town run in Miami, Florida. "A Jewish holiday!" says Dina Merrill. "Fiddleedoo! Maybe we can change the date of the opening."

Dina Merrill

We talk about this and that. Show biz. The roar of grease paint. Dina Merrill has an attractive personality. She is lively, optimistic, has a nice smile. She is a successful actress. On television she has been in many dramatic series, and people still remember her from the movie, "Butterfield 8". She is also married to a successful actor: moviestar Cliff Robertson. When Dina was at school she was Washington, D. C. all-scholastic fullback in girls' field hockey, and that must mean something. Dina's real name, it turns out, is Nedenia Hutton.

"You wouldn't be related to Barbara Hutton, by any chance?" I ask.

A look of uneasiness comes over Dina's face. "Yes," she admits with a faint tightening of the mouth and an air of resignation. "We're first cousins. Her father and my father were brothers."

The cat is out of the moneybag.

"They were very different, though," says Dina, still with some embarrassment. "One brother founded E. F. Hutton at the age of twenty-one. (This was Dina's father. E. F. Hutton is a leading Wall Street brokerage house.) The other brother married money, died an alcoholic, never did anything."

Dina says this as if there is considerable moral instruction to be drawn from the tale, perhaps the corrupting effect of sloth.

"My grandfather was a forty-niner," she says proudly, meaning her mother's father now, Charles W. Post of Postum. Because, if Barbara Hutton's father didn't do anything but marry money, Dina Hutton's father founded E. F. Hutton AND married money: "My grandfather remarried when he was ninety-two! He was just a farm-tool salesman, when he started making Postum, and my mother used to go around with him to the grocery stores to help peddle it when she was a little girl. I come from a very active family."

"And your son is now going to Columbia University's Business School."

"Yes," Dina says, laughing a little. "Somebody's got to look after his mother in her old age."

It is a pleasant little joke we have here, a pleasant little entertainment in which Dina Merrill pretends she's just folk, even as you or I, because she eats fat-free boysenberry yogurt out of a plastic cup, and thank God her son is going to business school so there'll somebody to look after his mother in her old age.

Let me tell you something. Dina Merrill's grandfather, Charles W. Post, forty-niner, farm-tool salesman, or whatever he was to start with, built a native American fortune out of Postum and breakfast foods — Post Toasties and Grape Nuts. His only child, Marjorie, Dina's mother, with the help of E. F. Hutton. Dina's father, added Jell-O, Maxwell House coffee, Baker's chocolate, Log Cabin maple syrup-fifty products in all, not counting Birds Eye frozen foods, and all under the umbrella of General Foods. Before she died two years ago, Marjorie Merriweather Post's personal fortune was estimated at $250 million. True, her will deeded the estate in Florida to the Federal Government as a shelter for visiting dignitaries, the estate in Washington to the Smithsonian, and the estate in Adirondacks to Long Island-based C. W. Post College as an outpost for seminars.

WOMEN IN THE WORLD

But since the most palatial of these playgrounds, the one-hundred-and-fifteen-room Mar-A-Lago at Palm Beach, was valued at "only' $7 million, that quarter of a billion dollars has barely been dented. Marjorie had three children —Adelaide, Eleanor, and Dina. Divide up the inheritance yourself and you'll see what I'm getting at. Dina isn't going to thank me for telling you this, but she may have come into more cash than her cousin Barbara. Dina isn't rich; she's filthy rich.

Not that Marjorie Merriweather Post Close Hutton Davies May is a an easy act to follow. She once had the entire Riggling Brothers Barnum & Bailey circus perform at Mar-A-Lago to entertain her guests. Her pet schnauzer slept in a bed once used by Belgian royalty. For her third marriage, to Ambassador Joseph E. Davies, five thousand chrysanthemums and the icing on the wedding cake were all dyed blush pink to match — Marjorie's gown.

When Davies was posted to Russia in 1937, she arrived in Moscow with two tons of frozen foods, including two thousand pints of cream, although, as was pointed out, the Russians still had cows.

Dina doesn't deny herself, you understand. She has a grand duplex high up in United Nations, Plaza, possibly New York's most expensive apartment building. She also has an estate on Long Island and beautiful third homes here and there, wherever she and Cliff happen to be working.

She has been several times on the Best-Dressed list and canonized in the Fashion Hall of Fame, which doesn't happen to poor girls. But she tried her mother's Mar-A-Lago life style for a few months when she was eighteen and really didn't like it — among other things, it bored her silly- and she is actually embarrassed to be thought of as very rich.

Dina specifically requested that her mother not leave money to Dina's four children-one of whom, a son, has since died in a boating accident off Long Island. But Marjorie Merriweather Post firmly overruled her from the grave, declaring in her will, AFTER ALL, THEY ARE MY GRANDCHILDREN. People have been fighting over inheritances for centuries, but Dina Merrill might be the first person in history to ask LESS for her progeny. She didn't go as far as to ask less for herself, mind you, but the meaning of the request on behalf of the children is plain enough: She thought money would be bad for them.

So where is the glorious ostentation of yore, the gilded grandiosity that would put even Marjorie Merriweather Post to shame? Where are the yachts the size of transatlantic steamers? The private railroad cars with gold plumbing? The one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars that Clarence Mackay laid out for FLOWERS ALONE at his party for the Prince of Wales? The mansions with a hundred liveried servants? Where are the tiaras, the strings of diamonds so gaudy and profuse that Mrs. John Jacob Astor was described as looking like a "walking chandelier," the dogs in diamond-studded collars?

Now all we have is Dina Merrill eating fat-free boysenberry yogurt. Indeed, today's absence of any conspicuous display of wealth makes it all the harder to find out even who the richest people are, because, despite what you might think, God does not keep a master list of the world's richest people. If you live quietly and don't marry anybody flashy and consistently avoid publicity, it is quite possible to be very, very rich and remain completely unknown.

The last time I spoke to Barbara's nurse, Miss Hutton was in bed. Or rather the Princess was in bed. LA PRINCESSE EST AU LIT. She gets herself called the Princess by staff and stranger alike, a title to which she seems noticeably attached, although she divorced her last prince several years ago.

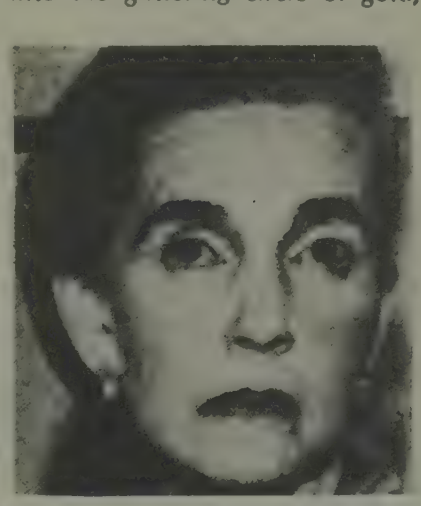
So Barbara Hutton, once one of the most envied women in the whole wide world of wealth now sixty-three years old, though chilling to report, she looks more like eighty-spends her days in her Moorish palace in Tangiers in bed.

With Barbara Hutton, as with cousin Dina, it was Mummy's daddy who made the big bundle. While Dina's grandfather, Charles W. Post, was launching this crazy coffee substitute, Postum. Barbara's grandfather, F. W. Woolworth, was bringing about a revolution in merchandising, turning a store in Utica, New York, into a world-wide empire of five and dimes — the workingman's emporium.

But the family destinies diverged even before Woolworth's death. In his last years he suddenly developed a great fear of the darkness to come, built himself a hundred-thousand-dollar tomb, and, once it was finished, became morbid, listless, cried a lot. He built an enormous organ in his cavernous New York apartment and would take his little granddaughter, Barbara, up on the organ bench and peal out thunderous hymns. Barbara's mother, Woolworth's youngest daughter, Edna, died in mysterious circumstances when Barbara was five, and is thought to have committed suicide.

Wool himself died two years later and his invalid wife a few years after that. Barbara inherited a third of her grandfather's $78 million fortune when she was twelve. By the time she actually came into the money at her majority, the Depression had arrived and her inheritance had fattened to $42 million (there's apparently money in depressions if you're rich enough).

Once Barbara Hutton stepped into the glittering circle of gold,



Barbara Hutton

goddess of the mighty Valhalla built with little people's nickels and dimes, she did not disappoint. When, in the early thirties, the Woolworth heiress, as she was known in the U.S. tabloids, married a Russian prince — even if of dubious lineage — it was an international event of royal magnitude.

In the coming years Barbara married two more princes, a count, a baron, Porfirio Rubirosa, and Cary Grant, divorcing each in turn and settling on all but Cary Grant, considerable amounts of loose cash. Yet money could not buy a bandage big enough to bind up the tragedies of life. She had a child by the count— a son, Lance, who died in a plane crash. She has had an endless series of undisclosed ailments.

There were, of course, compensations — like money (Barbara has given away millions to the men in her life) and proximity to the world's greatest jewels. Barbara Hutton owns or has owned Marie Antoinette's pearl necklace, other pearls belonging to the Empress of Japan, Catherine the Great's emeralds, the ruby tiara of France's Empress Eugenie, and a forty-eight-carat pear-shaped diamond she called the Champassak (after the Laotian prince who was her seventh husband, although she might well not have called it that following the divorce).

Her houses were fancy. In Hollywood Barbara has lived in Douglas Fairbanks's former house and Buster Keaton's former house. In London the home she built in Regent's Park was so huge that when she left Britain, she gave it to the U.S. Government, which uses it today as the official residence of the U.S. Ambassador. The choice of Tangiers and the El Kasbah palace as her basic residence is surprising; she has always had a strain of schoolgirl Orientalism, with swarms of saris and Chinese tunics, Buddhist and Hindu music.

And now she lies in bed in her palace and can't get up, and all the public ever sees of her is when she is carried on and off the first-class section of airliners, like a cripple, in the arms of a husky secretary-manservant.

Envied in the past, pathetic now, Barbara Hutton has never been popular. Her entire adult life she has received huge amounts of hate mail.

There was something about the mindless spending (she has been known to send a bellhop out for change of a ten-thousand-dollar bill), the giddy collection of noble titles — all this in the depths of the Depression and in the face of her money having come from working people's nickels and dimes. Every time Barbara Hutton returned to America in the thirties and forties, there were angry pickets.

Salesgirls at Woolworth's once held up bitter placards: BABS, WE LIVE ON $15.60 A WEEK. COULD YOU? Very early on, the Woolworth family begged her to sell her shares in the company, which she did. Barbara Hutton, as you can understand, was bad for business.

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STARDOM IN CHILDHOOD

Continued from page 47

les in just a few films and is quite disillusioned. He was sure all the goodwill earned by him would help him make a film to tide over these difficult years. He did start a film and that's where he hurt himself. The film didn't make any progress after the muhurat.

Raju is today's most popular child actor. Patronised largely by directors like Gulzar and Basu Chatterjee, he was first noticed in "Parichay" as the little brat. Subsequently he went on to do fairly important roles in films like "Khushboo", "Khatta Meetha". Then came "Kitaab" which featured him in the pivotal role. Today, Raju is as busy as some of the grown-up stars, often having to work in two or more shifts a day. And today's generation being smarter than the ones before, Raju is very quick on the uptake and is quick to understand what the director expects of him. His people too are careful not to repeat mistakes, and they have made arrangements for him to have his education at home with the help of tutors. And again, they are seeing to it that the money is invested wisely and Raju is provided for in the hard days that invariably follow.

Baby Geeta (Khanna) is another smart kid and t's surprising to see her doing the dubbing with such ease and confidence. She has about a dozen films on hand, of which, "Dooriyan" should be getting released any time now. She's there in films like J. Om Prakash's "Aasha", Mohan Segal's "Daulat" and other films like "Aangan Ki Kali", "Pal Bhar Ki Zindagi" and others. She can even shed real tears when the scene demands

DAISY IRANI

her to do so — something which can be a credit for any star in our cinema.

Amongst our male stars, there is Shashi Kapoor, now a branded gentleman. But as a child actor in Raj Kapoor's "Aag" and "Barsaat", he was quite a problem child. Vinod Mehra too has appeared as a child actor in about twenty films. And there's Sachin who was a child actor, too. Why, even in the recent "Bairaag", he played the young Dilip Kumar. Rishi Kapoor, playing the young Raj Kapoor in "Mera Naam Joker", even managed the National Award as the Best Juvenile Actor.

None of the top leading ladies (except Neetu) was a child star, which is surprising considering that it is easier for the girls. Naaz was an actress as a kid and she was really good in "Boot Polish". But as an adult she never did go beyond a few supporting roles here and there. Baby Tabassum was very popular. Today she's successful as a compere and holds interviews on T.V., carving a place for herself in showbiz — but not as an actress. Nanda was Baby Nanda as a child star and she has quit films now. Yes, Sareeka was quite popular as a kid, having worked in films like "Hamraaz" as a girl and films like "Jyoti" as a boy. She's not quite there on the top as yet though she could be in a few years.

Ask her and she'll tell you. Saréeka too has passed through a very, very lean period when the mother-daughter had to walk miles to save bus fare,

SAREEKA

sleep on the floor and do without dinner at times. Today, the parents of the child stars are clever and their children are not likely to pass through that phase.

Still, one would like to ask: Whatever happened to the likes of Master Alankar, Babloo, Master Satyajit and those hordes of child actors who shone for a few years and faded into the oblivion of 'normal" livelihood!

WOMEN AS AGRO-SCIENTISTS

Continued from page 15

they have to file reports at the end of their research study. Veenakumari, for example, was given a problem of topping of maize. She has to raise a crop of maize on her 25-sq. metres plot, and then crop off the tops of the plants at certain intervals and study the effects on the plants' health, produce, etc.

"The courses are very practical-oriented," says Uma, "and they do not require much brain work." But Shailaja, doing her post-graduation in Plant Breeding and Genetics does find them very competitive. She wants to do Ph.D. to keep up the tradition of her family which has a very high level of education. Her father, Mr. Hittalmani V.C., a professor in the Agricultural College, says, it was entirely Shailaja's choice to take up Agriculture.

Many girls have teaching as their future profession in mind. But Devi, after returning to her home town, would like to manage her father's farm. She would like to develop a poultry farm also. Veena (B.Vet.) wants to join the famous Kunigal Stud Farm from where comes some of the best racing horses in India.

Every girl is firm in her resolution to use her education, to take up a job. Fortunately, the horizon beyond their graduation is quite bright — they do not have to wait long for getting a job. Banks, Government agricultural departments, research organisations, agrochemical industries, coffee and tea estates, etc. can absorb agricultural and horticultural graduates. Veterinary graduates are in much greater demand.

But one glaring fact that the city breed may not like is that most jobs in these fields are rural-oriented. The best these graduates can expect is taluk headquarters, or district headquarters. But apart from teaching, agrochemical industries and marketing may offer you the glamour of city life. The majority of the girls, however, owing to their nonurban moorings, are unperturbed by this fact.

After all, the whole field of agricultural sciences is rural-oriented. The services of the graduates of these courses not only belong to the village, these graduates also bear an additional responsibility of carrying the torch of upliftment to the poor and deprived rural folk. Women could fulfil this social obligation quite effectively.

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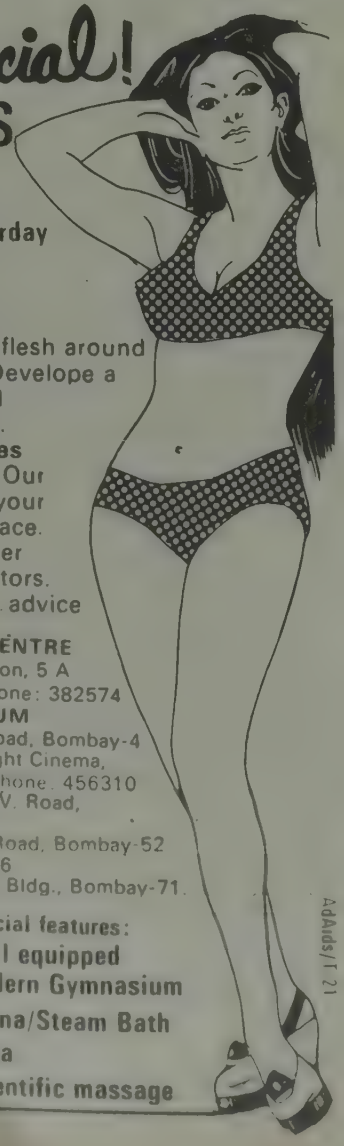

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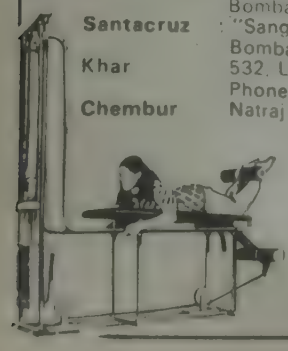

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BOOK NOOK

What is being written by or about women?
On this page every month we bring you a review of some of the books published recently.

HINDU WOMEN, NORMATIVE MODELS; by Prabhati Mukherji: Orient Longman's. Price Rs. 35.

Basing her thesis on Hindu Women on the "Manusmriti" and the "Arthashastra", Prabhati Mukherji examines the fabric of the Hindu social structure to probe into how and why women have come to occupy their present position in society. She arrives at the now accepted conclusion that the status of women has deteriorated in inverse proportion to the status accorded to man.

Discussing the women in Hindu mythology — Draupadi, Sita, Kunti, Tara, Savitri, Parvati, Damayanti, Maitraye, Shakuntala — she points out that those women who sacrificed their individuality and made a "god" of man were accorded the highest respect. Sita demonstrated her infinite capacity to bear suffering. Savitri used persistence as well as guile to win back the life of her husband. Parvati exemplified a test of love, enduring pain, rebuffs and humiliation to win the attention of Siva.

And these are the images most glorified by Hinduism. Draupadi is admired, but because of her polygamous marriage (not of her own choosing) she is not considered pure, Tara's courage, acumen and battle strategy are praised, but her image recedes into the background as compared to the others. And Maitraye, with her quest for knowledge, her assertion that "life eternal is higher than life transient" remained almost forgotten till Tagore focussed attention on her.

The Mahabharata, according to Ms. Mukherji, conveys an almost schizoid concept of women. On the one hand it states that the vices and faults of women were supposed to be so numerous that "a man would find it inadequate even if he had one hundred tongues and lived for one hundred years and did nothing else but narrate them." However, "faithful and devoted wives should be respected and honoured" and given gifts "that enhance their appearance. . . thereby making them more attractive to their husbands, for unless women are desirable there would be no progeny and no family either."

Convenient logic. There is no corresponding exhortation to men to make themselves attractive to women. Moreover, women are to be kept happy and beautiful only in the interest of man and society. As Ms. Mukherji rightly concludes, the whole question question of being a woman was equated to her relationship with man, and not as a person in her own right.

Even within the framework of marriage, woman remained a second class citizen, if that. The "Arthasastra" and "Manusmriti" list eight recognised forms of marriage — Brahma, Prajapatya, Arsa, Daiva, Gandharva, Asura, Raksasa and Paisaca. Of these, the first four were considered sacred and had the sanction of society while the last four were secular and were practised mainly by the lower varnas. Ms. Mukherji points out that the customs practised under the first four forms of marriage were economically "undeniably more advantageous" to a boy. Moreover, women's property rights — to stridhana, sulka, adhivedanika — were so regulated that the retention or forteiture of their economic possessions depended on whether they adhered to prescribed customs.

Ms. Mukherji points out that the position of women has changed substantially at different periods of history, particularly during the period between the time Kautilya's Arthasastra (probably Maurya period) and the Manusmriti (Sunga or Gupta period) were written. Unfortunately, it is the Manusmriti which has been considered the more authoritative of the books and much of the present Hindu law codes are still based on the Manusmriti. Referring to the status once enjoyed by women, she quotes an eminent jurist who remarked that "no rules have been so uniformly changed — and we should say for the worse — as those which affect the legal positon of women." And that being the way it is, how long are Hindu women going to accept such tutelage by man in order to perpetuate his role of domination?

IT DOES NOT DIE by Maitraye Devi; Hind Pocket Books. Price Rs. 10.

For those who still believe in love stories Maitraye Devi's **"It Does Not Die"** comes as a pleasant diversion from the usual formula of tailor-made characters and situations that are dished out by most writers of romance. For Maitraye Devi is more than just another gifted writer. She has had the privilege of being taught by Rabindranath Tagore and brings to her work strength of observation and delicacy for handling human emotions, both of which reveal an unmistakable influence of her mentor. And romanticised as it is, the novel still carries her personal conviction so that the characters emerge as credible, despite apparently incredible situations.

The story is narrated through the person of Amrita, a young Bengali girl whose father is a professor and encourages his daughter not only to get educated but also to pursue knowledge for its own sake. As Amrita grows into maturity she is exposed to distinguished scholars, philosophers and poets who come to discourse with her father and she impresses them all with her physical beauty as well as by the development of her mind and character.

A Rumanian student of her father, Mircea Euclid, comes to live with the family and predictably enough Mircea and Amrita fall in love. But situations that are fairly predictable to readers of romance are not always so predictable to the characters in the novel. The relationship flowers for over a year before Amrita's parents come to realize what's been happening under their nose. As is to be expected, the father brushes aside all his professed liberalism and sends Mircea packing the very next day.

This is followed by a rather over-drawn account of Amrita's ordeal as she picks up the threads of her life again. At this time the poet Rabi Thakur is her only source of solace, guidance and strength. Ultimately, with the poet's blessing she gets married through an arranged match without so much as seeing her prospective husband.

Her husband holds a doctorate in Science and lives in a small town. Amrita misses the throb of Calcutta culture. She tries to talk poetry to her husband, but though he listens to her patiently, he himself has no feeling for the fine arts. Though outwardly content in her marriage, Amrita finds herself in a state of intellectual and emotional isolation and her thoughts constantly fly to Mircea.

Sporadically she receives news about him. She learns that after spending some months meditating in the hills of Rishikesh he has returned to his country. And that after returning he has written a "porno" novel of which she is the heroine. Anger, embarrassment, indignation and nostalgia alternate. On a trip to Europe with her husband she enquires after him. He is now a respected professor and has authored many books. When one of Mircea's students visits her in Calcutta (she is a grandmother by now) her resistance finally gives way and she resolves to make contact with him again.

She decides to visit him in Rumania and, incredibly, receives support for her venture from her staid, convention-bound husband! "Love is not an object, a gold ornament that you have to snatch away from one to give it to another. . . when you love someone truly, then everything related to that person becomes dear to you..." she tells us. All very coo-coo sounding in abstraction, but try telling that to a husband on the eve of flying off to meet an ex-lover who's made you a porno heroine of a novel!

The reunion with Mircea in the library is awkward, with spectres of his wife and her husband lurking in the background. But even now Amrita's romanticism does not falter. The book ends with her consoling herself, yet resolving to once again "put light into his eyes" when she meets him again "in the Milky Way."

For a generation nurtured on twentieth century cynicism one cannot help feeling impatient as well as sceptical about the latter half of the novel.

Meher Pestonji

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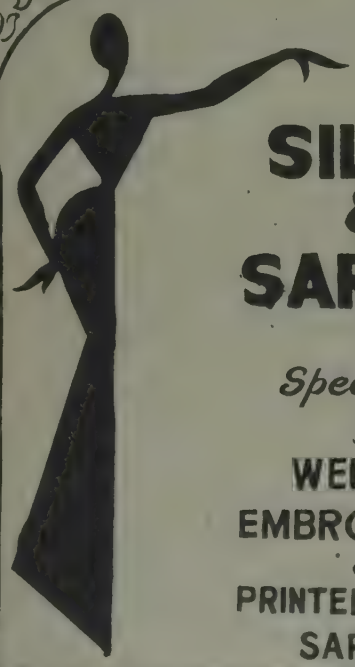

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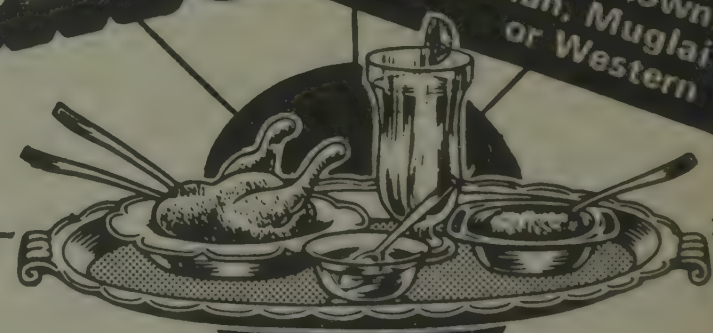

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FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

GULZAR: A MAN WITH GUTS

And my last year's man of the year, Krishna Shah, has appeared again, this time with loosely edited reels of 'Cinema Cinema' and its producers Shahab Ahmed, who speaks English with a dab of French. "Cinema Cinema" is a musical biography of New Hollywood, that is, our filmdom. After "Shalimar" Krishna Shah is very aware of the desi audience. "Cinema Cinema" is a film with the audience as the main theme.

More than the strips of past films, the audience, its involvement with the only excitement in India (Hindi films), is captured in all its glory right from the couple who sit through the movie with their wailing baby to the starved man who masturbates throughout Helen's dance. The movie is a part of all of us. We, at least I, cannot imagine life in India without Lata Mangeshkar waking me up, Rajesh Khanna blinking, Amitabh Bachchan choking with a lamp of emotion, and Helen wiggling her hips, and I cannot deny I am growing up with Meena Kumari's sorrow from film to film and Dilip Kumar's loneliness, the melody of Salil Chowdhury.

When years ago Raakhee had taken objection to something I had written (a statement made by her during an interview) and summoned criminal lawyer Ram Jethmalani to discuss the technical steps for a court case, Gulzar, then about to be her husband, had put his foot down, and Raakhee and I met at the wedding pandal instead of the court.

I was almost jealous of Raakhee's choice — a man with guts who not only respects the pen, but refrains from childish tantrums. Just when Rekha published her rosy story (Gulzar presenting her with roses and poems), I thought Gulzar would once again retain the balance of power by respecting the pen but opting for a star. Here comes news that Gulzar has thrown Rekha out of his film "Namkeen".

Rekha, who has declared a war against journalists (for reasons like she does not like our faces), wanted a journalist thrown out of the sets. Gulzar thought it is a director's prerogative to decide the entry or exit of visitors to the sets.

He refused to throw the journalist out, so Rekha walked out, and Gulzar requested her to remain out of his film. And all those muscular heroes of our screen who take orders from their leading ladies, should take a lesson from Gulzar.

He is not going to take direction from heroines, even from his wife Raakhee.

EVE TODAY

Continued from page 25

Regarding nursing as a profession, Maj. Gen. Lakshmikutty observed that day by day the prejudice against this profession is decreasing. Nurses now come from broad sections of the population and there is a marked trend for married nurses to return to work. Nurses take advantage of all the educational opportunities to improve their future prospects. Those nurses who are interested in widening their knowledge take courses in B. Sc. (Nursing) and M.Sc., (Nursing). Some of the M.N.S. nurses are specially trained at the Military Hospital in Kirkee to serve paraplegic patients, others are sent abroad for studies in cardio-thoracic nursing and the nursing of plastic surgery patients. Some other nurses specialise in intensive care therapy or take a course which will enable them to be Sister Tutors.

An independent girl from a conservative Malayali family (living in Pullode Kulathingal House in Palghat District), Lakshmikutty wanted to be a nurse although no one had taken up this profession in her family so far. So in 1942 at the age of 18, she joined the civilian nursing service. "My parents," she recalled, "were very strict. . . They didn't want me to come out of the village, but I wanted to travel, see the world. One of my relations got the application forms and he signed them as my guardian and that was how I was able to come to Madras and take my training."

When she was doing a stint at the Stanly Medical Hospital in Madras during 1943-'44 she came in contact for the first time with the wounded soldiers of World War II.

"Their utter helplessness made me decide to make my career in the Indian Military Nursing Service and so I joined the Army in 1945."

How does she tackle the fatigue, the tension that are often a result of pressure of work?

Maj. Gen. Lakshmikutty answered with a smile: "The satisfaction I get from my job offsets normal fatigue... My hobbies help me to relax.... I like to see movies. I am fond of sight seeing. . . interested in cooking. . . I amuse myself with my pets. . . I love dogs, birds, cats. . . I used to be keen about knitting and embroidery, but now my weak eyesight prevents me from indulging in those hobbies."

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

"Seeing the chaotic conditions all over the world, it is high time all intellectuals concentrated their energies in providing better facilities to children, so that we can have better citizens in future," said Mr. S. Krishnamoorthy, News Editor of the Indian Express, Bombay. Mr. Krishnamoorthy was the guest of honour at the inaugural programme of the children's park and library built by the Andheri Jaycees at Andheri.

Mr. Anantray Mehta, vice-president of Andheri Jaycees, said that this was the fourth park and library constructed by them.

The park was inaugurated by Baby Palanda, a little girl, in the presence of Bombay's Mayor, Mr. R. K. Chimbulkar.

* * *

The Amateur Riders' Club held its 37th Annual Mounted Sports and Polo Tournaments, 1979. Mr. Darshan Shah and Mr. Dinyar Madon jointly won the Sir John Beaumont Championship Cup and the Doongursee Challenge Trophy for the Champion Horseman. Miss Anjali Ewing won the Ghaswalla Challenge Cup for ladies, and Miss Kerstin Pankoke won the V. V. Mariwala Silver Cup for children.

The other events held were the W. I. Tent Pegging Competition and the Jumping Events. The Quartermaster General's Trophy for the Best Horse in the Show was won by the Amateur Riders' Club's b.i.m. Sinner, exhibited by Rajiv Mehra. The Wellingdon Club Cup for the Western India Championship was won by the 61st Cavalry. The prizes were given away by the chief guest, Lt. Gen. A. M. Vohra, GOC-in-C. Southern Command.

* * *

The All India Handicrafts Board (Handicrafts Marketing & Service Extension Centre) and Shilpi Kendra held a display, sale and demonstration of handicrafts of Assam and Meghalaya, which was inaugurated by Mr. P. G. Salvi, Secretary, industries department, Government of Maharashtra. The exhibition was part of their Product Promotion Programme for rural craftsmen.

The exhibition included caned bamboo carvings, pith craft, wood carvings, bell metal craft, terracotta, somarikh and pokar work. Master craftsmen demonstrated their skills at the exhibition.

* * *

Crewel embroidery is one of the rich crafts which flourish in Kashmir. Nelly Sethna, working on an assignment for the All India Handicrafts Board, absorbed and imbibed the essence of this craft, and recently held an exhibition of the new designs she evolved to suit contemporary interiors, using traditional motifs but earthy and vibrant colours. Her layouts gave a new dimension to the traditional craft.

* * *

Sunita Rane-Sandhu will hold her sixth solo exhibition of wood reliefs at the Taj Art Gallery from May 29 to June 4. Sunita has trained at the J. J. School of Art, and is the wife of film star Mahendra Sandhu.

CALCUTTA

A gala Sports Day was held by the Institute of Athletics, West Bengal at Eden Gardens.

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1. Mr. Abdul Majid, the Afghan Consul General, held a reception in Bombay to celebrate the first anniversary of the Sour Revolution Day of the Democratic Republic of Afghanistan. Seen on the occasion are from left, Mrs. E. Young, wife of the British Deputy High Commissioner, Mrs. R. Gerber, wife of Switzerland's Consul General, Mrs. and Mr. A. Majid, and Mrs. V. Barbaza.

2. Seen at a reception held by Mr. S. Horino, Consul General for Japan, to celebrate the birthday of the Emperor of Japan, are, from left, Mr. S. Horino, Mrs. R. Chimbulkar, Mrs. S. Horino and Mr. R. K. Chimbulkar, Mayor of Bombay.

3. Mayor of Bombay Mr. R. K. Chimbulkar helps Baby Palanda to inaugurate the Children's Park set up by Andheri Jaycees. On his left is Mr. Tarasingh Nagpal, president of Andheri Jaycees and Mrs. Laad, a social worker.

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The mass sports rally was followed by demonstrations in athletics in which the participants were top national athletes who have distinguished themselves at the Asiad at Bangkok. They included Gita Zutshi, Sriram, Hari Chand, Bahadur Singh, Suresh Babu, Humak Singh, and Gnanshekharan, all of them Gold Medal winners and Angel Mary Prabhu and Uday Prabhu, the silver medalists. Mr. Jyoti Basu, Chief Minister of West Bengal, presented mementos to all of them.

* * *

The Jyotirmai Club, well known for its social and cultural activities, introduced for the first time in Calcutta, an audio-visual show on Ikebana. This programme depicting the six seasons of India was accompanied by light classical and folk music. It was presented by Mrs. Manorama Vira, Mrs. Hena Rahimtulla and Mrs. Saroj Ramamruthan of the Ohara School of Ikebana of Bombay. Mrs. Morano, wife of the Japanese Consul General was present at the exhibition held at the Birla Academy of Art.

BANGALORE

The Karnataka State Temperance Board and the Indian Federation of Women Lawyers, Karnataka Branch, arranged a discussion on "Drunken husbands beating their wives — role of the neighbour, social worker and the law", under the presidentship of Mrs. Gita Devi Nagappa, President of the Federation of Women Lawyers in Karnataka.

Mrs. M. R. Lakshamma, Chairman of the Temperance Board, who welcomed the gathering, claimed that 80 to 90 per cent of the men who drank toddy and arrack beat their wives. The view that emerged during the discussions was that education and social ostracism would be more effective in curbing drunkenness than mere legislation.

* * *

Inaugurating an animal shelter-cum-rescue home under the auspices of the Bangalore Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the University of Agricultural Sciences, the Chief Minister of Karnataka Mr. Devraj Urs, called for a dialogue between animal-loving organisations and the Government, to arrive at a solution as to how cruelty to animals could be prevented. Mrs. Rukmini Arundale, Chairman, Animal Welfare Board of India, appealed to everyone to spend at least 10 per cent of their time for animal welfare work.

LUCKNOW

An innovative collection of nudes, executed in oils, made up the first solo show of Indu Rastogi. On display at Hotel Clarks Avadh, they depicted the various moods which the artist felt made up a woman. Dark sombre colours combined with powerful brush strokes conveyed forceful imagery.

BARODA

An exhibition of embroidered items, paintings and dolls made out of waste material, by Mrs. Shanti Vasu, was held recently. It was inaugurated by Dr. Jastina Singh, Head of the Clothing and Textiles Department of the Home Science College. Mrs. Bimla Choudhury, wife of Mr. S. K. Choudhury, Collector of Baroda, was the chief guest. Part of the proceeds of the exhibition will be donated to the handicapped children of Pensionpura School in Baroda.

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4. Seen at the 'Summer On The Rocks' fashion extravaganza held at the Oberoi Towers, Bombay are from left, filmstar Sanjay Khan, Mrs. Zutshi, wife of the Airport Manager, Air India, Mr. Adi Katgara, MD. TCI, Mrs. Jeroo Katgara, Mr. Ramesh Puri, deputy mgr., Western India, Air India and Mrs. Deepa Puri.

5. Mrs. Roma Bhagat, Mrs. Nargis Dutt and Mrs. D. H. Singhania seen at the exhibition of Bengal Potteries held in Calcutta.

6. Mr. P. G. Salvi, (centre) Secretary, Department of Industries, Government of Maharashtra, inaugurated an exhibition of Assam and Meghalaya handicrafts at Shilpi Kendra, Bombay. He is seen with, from left, Mrs. Mahboob Nasrullah, vice-c'man, Shilpi Kendra, Mrs. Thrity Taleyarkhan, chairman, Mr. H. H. Ismail, vice-c'man and Mrs. Laxmi Sarma.

7. Mrs. Gurbrinder Kaur Brar, wife of Haryana's Governor, (5th from left), who received the Fund Raising and Membership Shield from President Sanjiva Reddy at Rashtrapati Bhavan, on behalf of the Haryana State Red Cross Branch, is seen with delegates of the Haryana Branch in Delhi.

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

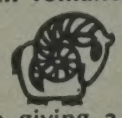
FOR THE WEEK MAY 27—JUN 3 1979

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

The Sun is close to Mercury, your ruling star, indicating a lively and lucky year ahead. Travel, movement and change will benefit you, and you could be altering some of your ideas about present relationships, probably be making expansive plans for the future. However, you could scatter your talents and your emotions at times, be undecided in several directions — mainly in late 1979. But the early months of 1980 will see you on keel again, very contented with both practical matters and your love life. Friends will tend to bring you luck around October 1979 and in April 1980. At these periods, an important link could form, could be in romance or in a business sense.

ARIES
(MAR. 22 — APR. 20)



In past weeks your stars have been giving a boost to aims and ambitions, making you feel good too! Everything is on the uptrend for you, but if one special goal has remained out of reach, let things drift for a time. Later, you will enter another, more vital period.

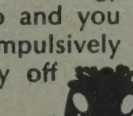
TAURUS
(APR. 21 — MAY 21)

Your stars are adventurous and rather lucky and this week marks the beginning of an uptrend in financial affairs. Extra energy and enthusiasm will aid all you do and you will be inclined to act more impulsively than usual. This will probably pay off

GEMINI
(MAY 22 — JUNE 21)

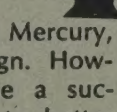
A busy, possibly hectic, week with Mercury, that lively planet, now in your sign. However, current activities should have a successful outcome, could lead on to better things generally. It is important to organise and not be distracted from essentials, or you might miss an opportunity.

CANCER
(JUNE 22 — JULY 23)



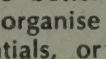
You will get the chance to show what you can do in several directions this week! Make the most of social life. If you have been extending plans and ambitions recently, there is no reason why these should not reach fruition in the months ahead.

LEO
(JULY 24 — AUG. 23)



You are in a fortunate period, so push ahead with confidence. This, however, does mean being reckless! In the main, think along wider lines, both businesswise and socially, try to realise your full potential; make the most of your Leo charm and assurance!

VIRGO
(AUG. 24 — SEPT. 23)



Travel is indicated and should be fortunate for you; it will certainly freshen you up, blow away some cobwebs. If you have nothing arranged, try for a change of scene, trips and visits to relatives and friends whose company you enjoy. If single, a happy new link could form and, although you won't realise it just yet, your whole scene is due to change for the better later in 1979.

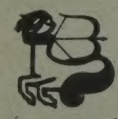
LIBRA
(SEPT. 24 — Oct. 23)

Lack of confidence in current activities and relationships may have had something to do with your recent problems, but it seems that your affairs will move ahead pleasingly from now on. Treat yourself to something that will boost your morale, and if a minor health problem persists tackle it positively.

SCORPIO
(OCT. 24 — NOV. 22)

You will have no choice, really, but to fit in with the whims of others, to agree to their plans and arrangements. This could be to your advantage, however. Let close companions take the lead until the end of June which brings improvement.

SAGITTARIUS
(NOV. 23 — DEC. 22)

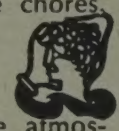


You may be trying to arrange a better deal for yourself in some way, but hopes and wishes may have to be deferred for a few weeks. You will have your work cut out trying to keep up with current commitments and, unless you organise skilfully, could get into a muddle between now and August.

CAPRICORN
(DEC. 23 — JAN. 20)

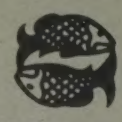
That part of your Solar horoscope which affects love and the social scene is well starred and it is an excellent time to make new friends. If unattached, a happy link could form any time from now. Businesswise, a time to offload tiresome chores.

AQUARIUS
(JAN. 21 — FEB. 19)



The picture is bright for you, the atmosphere carefree. This week brings proof that you are loved and appreciated. If not involved emotionally, there are promising meetings to come. Quite a vigorous trend in home affairs could mean a proposed move or domestic change.

PISCES
(FEB. 20 — MAR. 21)



You could be confused as to just how you feel, where you are going—and what to do next! This is part of your starry pattern, but you will know your heart and mind soon. This week favours short journeys and interviews which could bring some luck your way.

Eve's Weekly

Quiz: NEW SERIES No. 1 HEGMAN

Here's the first of our new QUIZ series with a prize of Rs. 200 for the winner. If there are more than one, the prize money will be divided equally.

1. How many sovereign Queens has England had so far this century? Name them.
2. What was the pen name of French authoress Baroness Dudevant who wrote "Indiana"? Which famous crime fiction writer was also known as Lady Max Mallowan?
3. Name the first and only Muslim lady ever to rule from the throne of Delhi.
4. What was the name that the Greeks gave to the goddess of Love and beauty known to the Romans as Venus?
5. Name the famous singer listed in Guinness as the singer with the most recordings in the world and made her debut in "Paheli Mangalagaur"?
6. Durba Banerjee is India's only woman commercial pilot, Maj. Gen. Gertrude Alice Ram, the first woman to be promoted to the rank of Maj. Gen. in the Indian Army. For what achievement is Gertrude Ederle chiefly remembered?
7. Betty Williams, Mairead Corrigan, Dorothy Hodgkin and Rosalyn Yalow are the only living women Nobel laureates. Name the brilliant woman scientist who won the Nobel Prize in 1903 and 1911, and in what fields did she win them?
8. Margaret Gertrude Zelle Macleod was her real name, but, as a spy in World War I she became famous under what other name?
9. Name the celebrated actress who won the 1978 National Award for best actress. Who won the 26th National Award for best female playback singer?
10. Mrs. Srimavo Bandarnaike was the world's first woman Head of government becoming Prime Minister of the then Ceylon. Name the world's first non-monarch woman Head of state.
11. This English nurse took 38 nurses to Scutari during the Crimean War and set up barracks to treat the wounded. Name her.
12. The Russians call her "Iron Lady." Ian Smith calls her "the only man in today's British politics." Name this famous lady.

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